

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 49—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.**—The GREAT FLOWER SHOW of the SEASON. Admission, Five Shillings by Tickets purchased This Day; by payment at doors, Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—OFFENBACH'S** Operetta, "LOVE BY LANTERN LIGHT," at Three, THIS DAY.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—COMIC BALLET** by the PAYNES and Mdlle. D'ESTA, at Four, THIS DAY.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE UPPER SERIES** of FOUNTAINS, at half-past Two, THIS DAY.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—BAND** of the COLD-STREAM GUARDS, at Two and Five, THIS DAY.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—Rockhills.—GARDENS OPEN** for promenade THIS DAY.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE.

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), MAY 20,** will be performed Meyerbeer's grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul di Nangis, Signor Nicolini; Le Cosse, Signor Sinigaglia; Taverne, Signor Rinaldini; Coprifaco, Signor Caravaglia; Il Conte di San Bris, Signor Agnesi; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Sparapani; De Retz, Signor Rocca; Meru, Signor Casaboni; Marcello, Signor Foll; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bellini; Dams d'Onore, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Valentina, Mdlle. Tietjens. The incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle. Floretti, Mdlle. Bianche Riccio, and the corps de ballet.

NEXT WEEK.

### Third appearance of Mdlle. MARIE MARIMON.

Tuesday Next, May 23, will be performed Bellini's Opera, *La Sonnambula*. Elvino, Signor Fanello; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Agnesi; Un Notaro, Signor Rinaldini; Alessio, Signor Casaboni; Lisa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Teresa, Mdlle. Cruise; and Aminta, Mdlle. Marie Marimon (her third appearance in England). After which, the Second Act of the Ballet, *Giselle*; ou les *Willis*; Albert, M. Francesco; Hilarion, M. Alberti; Le Prince, M. Rubi; Wilfrid, M. Corelli; Myrtha (Reine des Willis), Mdlle. Berta Linda; and Giselle, Mdlle. Katti Lanner.

Subscription Night, which will be given as the Second of the "Four Subscription Thursdays" announced in the Prospectus.

Thursday next, May 25. Fourth appearance of Mdlle. Marie Marimon, on which occasion Mdlle. Marie Marimon will appear (for the first time in this country) as Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento." To conclude with the Grand Ballet, in two acts, "GISELLE; OU LES WILLIS."

Saturday, May 27, Fifth Appearance of Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

Week after Next. Grand Extra Night.—Monday, May 29. Notice.—M. Capoul has arrived, and will shortly make his First Appearance. Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir Michael Costa. The doors will open at Eight o'clock, and the Opera will commence at half-past 8. Stalls, 1s. 1d.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Gallery, 2s. Boxes, stalls, and tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at Her Majesty's Opera Box-office, Drury Lane, open daily from 10 to 5; also of the principal librarians and music-sellers.

### MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY MORNING NEXT, MAY 22nd, at Half-past Two, the "MESSIAH." Solists—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Albani (her First Appearance in Oratorio), Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Agnesi, and Signor Foll. Trumpet Solo, Mr. Thomas Harper. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. The Band will consist of the most eminent Metropolitan Instrumentalists. Organist, Mr. John C. Ward. Conductor—MR. HENRY LESLIE. Reserved Sofa Stalls, 15s.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area and Upper Balcony, 2s. 6d. Tickets at all Music Publishers, and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

### STERNDALÉ BENNETT TESTIMONIAL.

At a Meeting of the Professors of the Royal Academy of Music, it was unanimously resolved to offer Sir W. Sterndale Bennett a testimonial of the cordial sympathy of musical artists and lovers of music, in the distinguished honour that has recently been conferred on him by our Most Gracious Sovereign, and that this Testimonial consist in the endowment of an Exhibition, to be called the Sterndale Bennett Exhibition, to assist musical students in their education at the Royal Academy of Music, of which institution the eminent musician whose name will thus be perpetuated was a pupil, and now is the Principal.

Subscriptions received by the Hon. Treasurer, Walter Macfarren, Esq., 3 Osborne Terrace, N.W.; by the Union Bank, Argyll Place; or by the Hon. Secretary, H. R. Evers, Esq., The Cottage, Aubrey Road, Notting Hill, W.

MAY 20th and 24th.

**IDOMENEO.—NEW PHILHARMONIC.—PUBLIC** REHEARSAL, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20th. Third Grand Concert, Wednesday Evening, May 24th.

**IDOMENEO.—MDLLE. TIETJENS** as "Ilia," ST. JAMES'S HALL, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20th, and WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 24th.

**IDOMENEO, MOZART'S** Grandest Opera, May 20th, at Two o'clock; May 24th, at Eight o'clock. Tickets at popular prices.

MAY 20th and 24th.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—Programme of the Third Concert and Public Rehearsal.—PUBLIC REHEARSAL, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20th, 1871, at Two o'clock, and GRAND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 24th, at Eight o'clock, when will be performed Mozart's opera "IDOMENEO," and other works. Vocalists:—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mme. de Wilhorst, Mr. Bentham (of Her Majesty's Opera), and Sig. Vizzani (of Her Majesty's Opera). Pianist, Mr. Alfred Jaël.

PART I.

Act I.—1. Overture. 2. Recit. and aria, "Padre germani," Ilia, Mdlle. Tietjens. 3. Recit. and aria, "Non ha colpa," Idamante, Mr. Bentham. 4. Chorus, "Godiam la pace." 5. Recit. and aria, "Estinto," Ellettra, Madame De Wilhorst. 5a. Chorus, "Pieta." 6. Aria, "Vedrommi intorno," Idomeneo, Signor Vazzani. 9. March, Instrumental. 10. Chorus, "Nettuno s'onori," with soli, "Su anca d'ora." Act II.—12. Aria, "Se il padre," Ilia, Mdlle. Tietjens. 14. Aria, "Idol mio," Ellettra, Madame De Wilhorst. 15. March, Instrumental. 16. Chorus with soli, "Placido il mar," soli, Mdlle. Tietjens. 17. Trio, "Prio di patir," Madame De Wilhorst, Mr. Bentham, and Signor Vazzani. 18. Chorus, "Quel nuovo terrore," Recit. "Eccoti in me," Signor Vazzani; chorus, "Corriamo fuggi." Act III.—19. Recit. "Soltitudine amica," aria, "Ziffiretti," Mdlle. Tietjens. 20. Duo, "S'io non mon," Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Bentham. 21. Quartet, "Ah, no ramengo," Ilia, Mdlle. Tietjens; Ellettra, Madame Wilhorst; Idamante, Mr. Bentham; Idomeneo, Signor Vizzani. 23. Recit. "Volgi in torno," Grand Sacerdot, Signor Vizzani. 24. Chorus, "Oh voto tremendo." 25. March, Instrumental. 28. Recit. "Idomeneo cessi esser re." Statue de Nettuno. 30. Recit. "Pace vannuccio," Signor Vizzani. 31. Aria, "Torno la pace al core," Signor Vizzani. Chorus, "Senda d'amor."

PART II.

Concerto in C minor, No. 3, for Piano-forte, Beethoven.—Mr. Alfred Jaël; Aria, Bellini—Mdlle. Tietjens; March, T. M. Madie. Conductor—Professor WYLD, Mus. Doc. Tickets.—Area Stalls and First Row of Balcony, for Public Rehearsal, 7s.; for the Concert, 10s. 6d.; Second and Third Rows of Balcony, 5s.; Back of Balcony, 2s. Admission, Area and Gallery, 1s.

**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, FLORENCE HALL, COVENT GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31st** (under the Immediate Patronage of the Royal Family), at which all the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera, and the most eminent talent, both vocal and instrumental, will appear. The full programme is now ready. To secure the few remaining Stalls, 21s. each, and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., immediate application will be necessary at the principal Librarians and Music-sellers; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office; at the Box Office of the Theatre; and at Sir Julius Benedict's, 2, Manchester Square, W.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** has the honour to announce to her Pupils and Friends that her GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in St. George's Hall, on THURSDAY, MAY 25th, from half-past Two till Five. Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Banks, and Miss Edith Wynne; Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Harmon, Miss Marion Severn, and Miss Julia Elton; Signor Gardoni, Mr. George Ferren, Mr. Maybrick, and M. Jules Lefort. Piano-forte, Mrs. John Macfarren. Flute, Mr. Radcliff, Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus. Violoncello, Herr Danbert. Contrabasso, Signor Bottesini. Conductors—Signor ALBERTO RANDOGER, Herr GANX, and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN. The Piano-forte by Erard. Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly; Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street; and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 2nd, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.** Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmonds, Miss Watts, Miss Llewellyn (her First Appearance), and Mdlle. Angela; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas. New Sacred Music by Mr. Brinley Richards will be sung by the "Welsh Choral Union," directed by Mr. John Thomas. Mr. Brinley Richards will play Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Sonata Duo" (with Mons. Paque), and (by particular request) "In Memoriam," Andante for Piano-forte. Harp, Mr. John Thomas. Violoncello, Mons. Paque. Conductors—Messrs. J. G. CALLOTT and EYRES.

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 President.—The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal.—Sir W. STERNDALE BENNETT, M.A., D.C.L.  
 The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on Thursday next, the 25th inst., commencing at 8 o'clock.  
 By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,  
 4, Tentarden Street, Hanover Square.

**SUMMER BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall,**

under the direction of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY.—The FIRST CONCERT, on Monday, May 29th. Artists:—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Enriquez, and Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski. Director of the part-music, Mr. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, No. 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MAY 26th.

**MR. WALTER BACHE'S SEVENTH ANNUAL ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 26th, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.** Liszt's First Concerto, E flat, and Les Préludes, Poème symphonique d'après Lamartine (first time). Principal Violin, M. Straus. Conductors—M. DANNEBERGER and Mr. WALTER BACHE. Vocalists, Miss Clara Doria and Herr Norblom. Tickets, 5s. each.—LAMBOURN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street; and at the Rooms.

MAY 22nd.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr. W. G. CRESS.** FIFTH CONCERT, MAY 22nd, at St. JAMES'S HALL. Schubert's Symphony in C, Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Mdlle. Norman-Neruda; Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for orchestra; Italian Symphony, Mendelssohn. Vocalists, Mdlle. Sinico and Mr. Bentham. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s. 5s., and 2s. 6d. L. Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Chappell; Keith, Prowse, & Hays.

**HERR LEHMEYER** has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 14th JUNE, at St. GEORGE'S HALL, when he will be assisted by some eminent artists. For particulars, and also all Engagements for Concerts, address to Herr Lehmeier, 14, Store Street, Bedford Square.

"I NAVIGANTI"

**MISS EDITH WYNNE, SIGNOR GARDONI, and M. JULES LEFORT**, will sing RANDEGGER's celebrated trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Mrs. John Macfarren's Grand Morning Concert, May 25th, at St. George's Hall.

"MARINELLA."

**SIGNOR GARDONI** will sing RANDEGGER's admired new song, "MARINELLA," on Thursday, May 25th, at St. George's Hall, at Mrs. John Macfarren's Grand Morning Concert.

"MAY."

**MISS JESSIE ROYD and MISS MARION SEVERN** will sing HENRY SMART's popular duet, "MAY," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Grand Morning Concert, on Thursday, May 25th.

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF.**

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF** has sung the following Compositions at the Boston (America) Musical Festival:—"MEDEA," GRAND SCENA; "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Cradle Song); "BENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY" (Venetian Song), composed by ALBERTO RANDEGGER. London: Published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**MR. FRANK ELMORE** will sing his new song, "THE WOODMAN'S SON," at all his Concerts this Season.—30, Colville Square, Notting Hill, W.

**NEW SONG.**

**"I SAW THEE WEEP."** Sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby. Composed expressly for him by Frank Naisb. In A flat and F. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**MISS FLORENCE ANDREWS and Miss GERTRUDE ANDREWS** (daughters of Mrs. J. Holman Andrews) give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Instruction in Singing.—Address, 38, Welbeck Street, W. N.B. Miss Gertrude Andrews can accept an engagement as leading Soprano in a Choir.

**MR. EMILE BERGER** will return to London for the Season on the 22nd of May. All communications to be addressed to 244, Regent Street, London, W.

**REMOVAL.**

**MR. FRANK ELMORE** begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 30, Colville Square, Notting Hill, W., where all letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Lessons in Singing must be addressed.

**REMOVAL.**

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD** begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Lodge, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

**MADAME RUDERSDORFF** begs to announce that she will return to England on Saturday, the 27th inst., having terminated her engagement at the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, held at Boston, in America, on the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th inst. All applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

**MR. W. H. CUMMINGS** begs to announce that he will return to England on Saturday, the 27th inst., having terminated his engagement at the Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, held at Boston, in America, on the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th inst. All applications respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

"SONG OF MAY."

**MISS LINA GLOVER** will sing at the Grand Concert given by the Foresters in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, May 29th, VINCENT WALLACE's "SONG OF MAY," and WELLINGTON GUINNESS's waltz aria, "THE NAIADES."

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MISS EMILIE GLOVER** will play ASCHER's popular fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Grand Concert given by the Foresters in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, May 29th.

"A WILD MARCH DAY."

**MR. FARLEY LINKINS** will sing A. J. SUTTON's New Bass Song, "A WILD MARCH DAY," at Harrogate, on the 26th inst. London: WEEKES & Co., Hanover Street.

**MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor)** is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorio, and Operetta.—55, Berners Street, W.

**GRAND MARCH. By Dr. FERDINAND HILLER.** Composed expressly for and performed with the greatest success at the opening of the London International Exhibition. Now Ready. Pianoforte solo, 5s.; duet 6s.; post free half price.—Metzler & Co., 37, Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

**PUPILS WANTED.**

**A YOUNG GENTLEMAN**, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

**THE GUITAR.**

**IMPROVED GUITAR TUITION**, by Mr. LEA, having these important advantages—Increase of power, superior quality of tone, facility of execution, and free from unpleasant twang.—203, High Street Camden Town.

**"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."**—FRANK ELMORE. Miss L. GREENHEAD (Cremona Musical Union) will sing the above popular song at the following places:—Newcastle-under-Lyne, May 22nd, 23rd; Wem, Salop, May 24th, 25th.—DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Now Ready.

**VARIATIONS ON MENDELSSOHN'S**

**"O HILLS, O VALES,"**

By Mrs. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

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**THE QUEEN** has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of Mr. Brinley Richards' "IN MEMORIAM" (Andante con moto) which forms a recent number of Messrs. R. Cocks & Co.'s "Planist's Library."—Vide Orchestra, May 12th. Free by post for 18 stamps.

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Thy Voice is Near. 3s.

Her Bright Smile Haunts me still. 4s.

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## AUBER.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Unhappy France has suffered much of late. She has lost two of her fairest provinces, has been drained of her treasure, degraded from her high place in the roll of nations, and called upon to sacrifice tens of thousands of her sons in fruitless strife against an invader, or in that more deplorable conflict which still rages around her capital. But till Saturday the cup of her affliction was not full; and, though the death of one man seems a small matter, yet France, amid accumulated misfortunes, will sensibly feel the stroke which has removed Daniel François Esprit Auber. Nor will the country which had the honour of giving birth to the composer of *La Muette de Portici*, of *Fra Diavolo*, and *Le Domino Noir*, mourn alone. Art is cosmopolitan, and Auber, as one of the noblest sons of art, was a citizen of the world. Wherever music is held in honour, there the great French master was regarded, not as a representative of his own nationality or of a particular school, so much as one whose genius lifted him above accidental distinctions, and made his fame the common inheritance of humanity. Nor is it only to France that Auber's death is a loss; though France may take her place in the funeral pageant as chief mourner. We are all the poorer for it—poorer in that we have been called to part with a great man whom, because great men are rare, we had learned to value; poorer, too, in that the sole remaining link has snapped which connected our time with the days when there were giants of music on the earth. The last-named fact makes the event we now deplore all the sadder. When Meyerbeer died, we took comfort in the possession of Rossini and Auber; when Rossini departed, full of years and honours, we thought hopefully of the survivor's hale old age; but now Auber is gone, and there is no longer a visible connection between the present and the glorious past in which genius seems to have been scattered broadcast among the nations. This invests the master's death with a significance made all the more melancholy when we look around in vain for any sign that the glories of the past are destined to be reproduced in the immediate future. Reproduced they will be sooner or later, for art never remains long without noble witnesses; but just now it seems as though Auber were the last of some ancient house, whose emblazoned banner will be mournfully lowered, and whose castle walls will crumble into ruin.

It would be impossible at this moment to take anything like an adequate survey of the genius and achievements of him who is now lying at rest after eighty-nine years of "life's fitful fever;" but happily both the character and the artistic gifts of Auber were not such as to render the mere appreciation of either a task of difficulty. His life was no riddle; while of his works it might be said that their meaning lies upon the surface for all who have the will to see. Auber was emphatically the representative, or rather the embodiment, of French music, and of that branch which is most distinctively French. How far he recognised his mission, and the extent to which he delighted in it, we may estimate by his steady adherence through life to the course on which he entered fifty-eight years ago, when, at the Théâtre Feydeau, he brought out his first comic opera, *Le Sejour Militaire*. The success of this essay was not great; but Auber at thirty-one was old enough to feel where his strength lay, and to form resolutions that not two nor three rebuffs could shake. Thenceforward the composer became identified with the peculiarly French school at the head of which he was so soon to stand. There is no need to enlarge here upon his qualifications as representative of the gay and lightsome, but withal, delicate and refined genius of French dramatic music. Auber himself was a Frenchman *par excellence*. Though his gifts, as we have already observed, made him a citizen of the world, he had no aspirations beyond the frontier of his own country, and nothing asserted his intense nationality more than his devotion to the unhappy city, within the fire-girt walls of which he now lies dead. As he had spent his life in Paris, so he cared for nothing beyond; and the prospect of sword, pestilence, and famine, availed not to separate him from what was at once his home and his world. Let none think that a local feeling so intense had a harmful effect upon the genius of the master. We would rather say that it was an essential concomitant, since without it Auber could not have reflected with a fidelity so marvellous the spirit

of the scenes amid which he moved. His music is visible Parisian life in sound. Its vivacity, gracefulness, perfection of finish, and even its occasional surface brilliancy, had their counterparts in that society the composer loved so well. We might even push comparison as far as matters of detail, and find in Auber's music the epigrams by which Frenchmen have oforetime tempered despotism. Assuredly there is no lack of passages which, on hearing, one feels disposed to commit to memory, and retail as among the "very good things" everybody ought to know. Here, then, we have the secret of Auber's unbounded popularity among his own countrymen, and of that unique position which rarely brought him into damaging contrast with men of wider sympathies and more extensive culture. Critics have sometimes discussed the influence of Rossini upon Auber, and have busied themselves with estimating the French master's importance relative to that of other men. But it more often happens that they treat him as a composer *sui generis*, and as a singular embodiment of those delightful qualities in a national art, which may atone for the absence of studied profundity, by the presence of innate grace and charm. To make comparisons between Auber and his contemporaries is a profitless task, and he acts wisely who takes the gay and sparkling composer as a refined and witty Frenchman should always be taken—that is to say, with no consideration beyond the pleasure he is well able to give. So the world acted in Auber's lifetime, and hence the illustrious musician's career was one of growing honour and prosperity. In fact, his artistic experiences matched the abundant and joyous physical life, which was not the least noteworthy attribute of the man. The favoured child of his divine art, he was not less the pet of Fortune; and only in the last days did he suffer through the suffering of that nation and of that city with which his whole existence was bound up. What honours might have been heaped upon Auber, had he chosen to work in foreign lands, it boots not to inquire. This we know, that to such a Frenchman no dignity could transcend those which exalted him in the estimation of his own countrymen. His fauteuil at the Institute was equal to a seat among Kings elsewhere; he would not have exchanged the ribbon of the Legion for the insignia of the Golden Fleece or the English Garter; while to stand in the place of his old master Cherubini, at the head of the Paris Conservatoire, was a dignity second to none. So Auber had his reward in his lifetime, and among his own countrymen. Said we not truly that he was the pet of Fortune?

Reference has already been made to the enviable physical life of the deceased composer, and without such reference it is impossible to understand the work he did. One of the many points of contrast between Auber and Rossini lies in the fact, that while the luxurious Italian began early, and soon accomplished nearly all that he thought it necessary to do, the Frenchman began late, and toiled on till the last. From 1813 down to the year of his death, Auber was an unrelenting labourer; and gave to the world some forty dramatic works, not to speak of less important things. This, we should remember, he accomplished while satisfying claims upon his time and attention inseparable from the place which he filled, and the society in which he moved. But the enormous vitality of the man never declared itself more than during his latest years. At fourscore so hard a worker might reasonably have laid down his tools and taken his rest. Auber did nothing of the kind. After his eightieth birthday had come round, he was as great a worker as at forty; and it must have been one of the sights of Paris to see the old master patiently sitting out, hour after hour, and day after day, the exercises of those who sought distinction at his beloved Conservatoire. To this bodily and intellectual robustness was largely due the prominent place filled by Auber in the Parisian world. No figure was better known in the *salon* or on the Boulevards than his; and none, we may be sure, attracted more regard. Men who saw the veteran far on in his ninth decade wondered at the vivacity which time seemed powerless to subdue, just as they marvelled at the inexhaustible fertility of his genius. The death of Auber is a misfortune to Paris appreciable even now, when fate seems to pour vial after vial of wrath upon the fairest of cities. Not only has France lost her greatest musician, but Paris mourns one of the most illustrious of those who gave her charm and pre-eminence.



The equal of Rossini in the enjoyment of life, Auber was less fortunate in leaving it. Rossini escaped the evil to come upon his adopted country, dying while as yet there were no indications of an approaching storm. It was Auber's fate to watch the clouds as they gathered and burst; to read of disaster after disaster falling upon the arms of France; to hear the invader's guns thundering around his beloved city; to share with Paris her privation and distress, and to participate in her downfall. But through this ordeal—how dreadful to the old composer none can tell—Auber lived; and, as peace followed, it was thought that he might live on. The later troubles killed him. When Frenchmen began to war among themselves, and there appeared no chance of a return to the happiness of past days, it seemed fitting that Auber, of all men, should quit the scene. He has done so; and the thunders of fratricidal guns are his requiem. How bitter is the mockery of Fortune! The logic of Auber's life required that he should die amid the music—for such it was to him—of Parisian lightheartedness, and be carried to his grave amid the sympathy of a nation. Instead of this, his eyes have closed upon the ruin of all he held dear, at a time when his loss is to France but one of many sorrows. Happily, the master's works remain, and are to the whole world a precious inheritance. No national convulsion can affect them; and when, in time to come, men follow with delighted ear the fortunes of *Masaniello* or *Fra Diavolo*, their thoughts will turn to the aged composer who has closed, amid scenes of desolation and distress, a long and fortunate life.

#### SIGISMOND THALBERG.

Death has been busy of late with eminent musicians. Among recent losses in the musical world is that of one who was constantly among us for a series of years, and who, in his way, left an impress upon his time and upon his art. We refer to Sigismond Thalberg. What this gentleman achieved for the mechanism of the pianoforte is best known to pianists and amateurs of the instrument; what he was as a dexterous and accomplished performer all must remember who are old enough to look back some 30 years and more. Thalberg made his first appearance in London, at a Philharmonic concert, in the year 1837, and created a sensation something akin to that which had been created by a still more extraordinary man six or seven years earlier. As when Paganini was first heard in this country (1831) every violinist, in despair, declared he would go home and break his instrument, so when Thalberg was first heard the pianists were equally minded to abandon their vocation, as thenceforth useless and unprofitable. Nevertheless, the whole secret on either side comprised little more than what was then considered a newly-invented mechanism, by the exercise of which things could be done previously never dreamt of, or, if dreamt of, regarded as impracticable. As time passed on, however, other violinists arose—Heinrich Ernst and Vieuxtemps, for example—who composed pieces surpassing in difficulty those of Paganini; while Joseph Joachim, whose *Hungarian Concerto* would have made even Paganini look wistful, diving into the past, brought up the violin solos of John Sebastian Bach, more elaborate and complex than any other compositions for the violin extant, ancient or modern. Thus, too, it happened with the works of Thalberg, whose mannerism was so conspicuous, and whose chief technical devices were so transparent, that the market soon swarmed with pieces built upon the same pattern as his, many of them being more trying and intricate than any Thalberg himself had produced. An air played on the medium keys of the pianoforte, with arpeggios, scales, or other florid passages, sweeping the instrument up and down the key-board, became in the course of time the commonest thing possible. Liszt himself imitated Thalberg, and surpassed him in daring, though he failed to rival him in grace and purity. Döhler, Dreyschock, and Prudent, Leopold de Meyer, and others too numerous to name, supplied the world, *ad nauseam*, with fantasias in the Thalberg style; and of late years the device and the mannerism of this great inventor have been employed indiscriminately by composers of the smallest possible calibre—composers who might be named by the dozen, but who are really not worth naming. The fact is that, now-a-days, it is the easiest thing imaginable to invent a piece after

that fashion which, more than 30 years ago, astounded the musical world in Thalberg. The idea of such a form of composition enduring, as "classical," is not for a moment to be entertained. The most gifted and brilliant exemplifier of it was Thalberg himself; no one, indeed, has equalled him in producing such perfect specimens. Mendelssohn, in a letter from Leipzig addressed to his mother, after an interesting comparison between Liszt and Thalberg, declares his preference for Thalberg as a "virtuoso." Referring to the *fantasia* on themes from *La Donna del Lago*, that great musician says:—"It is an accumulation of the most exquisite and delicate effects, a continued succession of difficulties and embellishments, exciting our astonishment, all well devised, carried out with security and skill, and pervaded by the most refined taste." After this testimony from such a man, who can believe that Thalberg ever said what he is so often reported to have said,—"I hate music—I never did like it?"

Thalberg was born at Geneva in 1812 (January 7), of noble parents, whose name he did not bear. His first studies were at Vienna, under it signifies little what masters—some say Sechter, who knew not much about the art of pianoforte playing, and Hummel, who knew more than most men; others mention a certain bassoon-player, belonging to the Opera-house. What Thalberg did, however, aided by wonderful physical aptitude, the joint attainment of unremitting labour and a happy organization, was exclusively his own, and altogether independent of masters—whether in counterpoint, of which he never acquired a command, or the manipulation of the pianoforte, in which, in his peculiar way, he surpassed all his contemporaries. From 1830 to 1839 he made the tour of Europe, winning everywhere unanimous admiration by his prodigious skill as an executant, but even more perhaps by his method of *singing* upon the instrument, to which he brought a fullness and richness of tone equal almost to that of the human voice when most adequately endowed, and a manner of phrasing which, though somewhat metronomically precise, was always natural and true. In 1837, as we have said, Thalberg came to England, and played with the effect we have described. From 1837 to 1851 he was frequently among us, invariably exciting the same interest by his admirable playing. In 1851, when Sophie Cruvelli was Mr. Lumley's chief *prima donna*, he composed for that gifted lady an opera called *Florinda*, which, although the cast included (besides Sophie Cruvelli) Calzorari, Lablache the elder, Coletti, Marie Cruvelli, and Sims Reeves, and though, moreover, it was produced with great splendour and well executed under the direction of the late Mr. Balfe, obtained at the best a "success d'estime." Some time after this, Thalberg went to America and Brazil, where his singular ability as a pianist met with due recognition, both in an artistic and a pecuniary sense. His latest visits to England were in 1862 and 1863, when, besides giving "Recitals" in the Hanover-square Rooms, he made extensive tours through the "provinces," tours which, if report at the time may be credited, brought him no less than £12,000. Since then, allowing for a series of concerts given in 1865, at Paris, where he produced his most recent composition, entitled "*Les Soirées du Pausillippe*," Thalberg virtually abandoned the musical profession. He possessed a handsome estate near Naples, to which he retired, and where he gave himself up almost wholly to the cultivation of the vine.

It is well known in England that Thalberg married the eldest daughter of the late celebrated dramatic singer, Lablache. One of his favourite pupils here was Arabella Goddard, to whom he imparted the secret of interpreting most of his principal fantasias, which she has so often shown she possesses in perfection. Socially Thalberg was one of the most amiable and consequently one of the most popular of artists. He had troops of friends, and, we may say, without fear of contradiction, not a single enemy. To enumerate his published works would take more space than we have at disposal. That many of them will live, as historical examples of a new phase in art, we are convinced.

**BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.**—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

On Wednesday week, in St. James's Hall, Mr. Leslie gave the first of what promises to be an excellent series of morning concerts, to an audience which crowded every available space. The reason of so large a gathering is not difficult to explain, seeing that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was in the programme, with Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Alboni, Signor Nicolini, and Signor Agnesi as solo vocalists. Of course Mr. Leslie associated with these principals an efficient orchestra, the leader of which was Mr. Weist Hill; and his own "Festival Choir" supplied a chorus nowhere to be excelled. On the whole, a finer performance of Rossini's attractive work has rarely been given; and nearly every number was applauded with what, at a morning concert, may be termed enthusiasm. Mdle. Tietjens's delivery of the solo in "Inflammatus" made a great effect, with such power was her magnificent voice used. Madame Alboni was more at ease and in better mood than when she took part, some time back, in Rossini's *Mass*. Hence her delivery of "Fac ut portem" delighted everybody present by its artistic style. How the two ladies sang "Quis est homo" may be imagined. Rarely has a finer exhibition of vocal skill challenged the admiration of the critical; and the applause it received showed what an impression had been made upon those who witnessed it. Signor Nicolini sang "Cujus animam" in a very effective way, and there was much to admire in the "Pro peccatis" of Signor Agnesi. It can hardly be needless to state that the choruses were well given, or that the orchestra was quite up to the desired standard.

The second part of the programme was devoted to a miscellaneous selection, comprising the overture to *Der Freischütz* and Meyerbeer's "Coronation" March, as well as a number of vocal pieces sung by Mdle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli, and Signor Foli. Mr. Leslie conducted.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This Society gave a concert in St. James's Hall on Monday week, and presented to its subscribers and patrons a very attractive programme. The proceedings began with Handel's grand Concerto in G minor, a work not so often heard as its merits deserve; though in this respect it suffers as do nearly all the great master's compositions outside the category of oratorio. Had Handel been less great in the department upon which his fame chiefly rests, we should now hear more of works which are, in their way, as meritorious as the *Messiah* or *Israel*. Reflections like these are suggested now and then, as on Monday evening, and it is well they are, for otherwise the public would take but a one-sided view of Handel's many-sided genius. Another feature of interest at this concert was Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), which, however, might have had a more refined rendering, though scarcely, perhaps, a more attentive audience. The same remarks apply to Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, the impetuosity of which was more adequately shown than the precision necessary to bring out all its attractive qualities. There were two solo instrumentalists, both notables in their respective departments. Madame Szarvady (Mdle. Clauss) introduced Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, and encountered the difficulties it presents with much confidence and boldness. It cannot be said, however, that the clever lady exhibited the work in any new or attractive light; neither is it very probable that any one else could have done so in her place. While Madame Schumann lives and can sit at the key-board, there is only one interpreter of her late husband's Concerto; and she, we need not say, reveals all its beauties, such as they are; makes plain its meaning, so far as there is any to make plain; and overcomes the abounding difficulties with an ease born of long familiarity. A comparison like this was obviously challenged by Madame Szarvady; from whom, nevertheless, it would be unjust to withhold the admiration fairly due to the talent she displayed. Signor Bottessini brought forward a "Concertino" of his own for double-bass; a work written in the musicianly style to be expected at his hands, and played it with a brilliancy and ease little short of astounding. This was the "sensation" of the evening, if we may judge by the enthusiastic applause. The vocalists were Mdle. Regan and Herr Stockhausen.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert of the season took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday week, under the direction of Dr. Wylde, and in the presence of a numerous audience. First among the selections played by the orchestra was Schubert's *Rosamund* overture, a work made familiar, like the composer's other orchestral pieces, at the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. Familiarity, however, only increases the esteem in which it is held, and no matter how often presented, the overture is sure of a welcome. Next came Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Signor Sivori, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, did it justice in every respect. The fine tone and good phrasing of the Italian violinist were notably conspicuous in the slow movement, to which they lent additional charm. Signor Sivori was warmly recalled at the close of a task worthily achieved. It is far too late in the day for remarks, critical or descriptive, upon Spohr's symphony, "Die Wiehe der Tone." The work has been written about almost ad nauseam, and our readers will thank us for not reviving the question whether it deserves to be placed among the noblest productions of art. The symphony was performed as well as on any previous occasion in the history of the society, and gave as much pleasure. Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in B flat (No. 2) followed, and was superbly played by M. Alexandre Bilet, who was deservedly recalled, amid unanimous applause. Afterwards came a violin Romance by Raff, with Signor Sivori as executant; and the finale was Cherubini's overture to *Die Abencerragen*—a work frequently given under the direction of Dr. Wylde, to whom the public are indebted for much of what they know respecting the great Florentine's preludes. The vocalist was Mdle. Sessi, who sang "Gli angui d'inferno," "Caro nome," and Proch's air with variations, the last being encored. Signor Bevignani assisted Dr. Wylde as conductor.

## MUSIC AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In their just-issued programmes for the summer season, the Directors say:—

Music, as a Fine Art, has been consistently and constantly developed, with a success as remarkable as it is gratifying. There are to be The Grand Summer Concerts, at which Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Marimon, Signor Nicolini, and all the other eminent singers of Her Majesty's Opera, appear; after which the course is to be continued by the series of famous Saturday Concerts, of which there will be twenty-six. But the principal musical event will be the Handel Festival, which is to commence on June 19th, and close on June 23rd. The marvellous gathering is to be carried out this year with a perfection of arrangement which only a long-continued organisation, and much costly experience, can give. It is positively the most wonderful and beautiful of all public performances, and, as an art result, a mere spectacle, or as an example of what can be done by system and forethought, it is equally notable. It is a great feat to get an army in and out of an enclosed space safely, and much fuss is made at the success of the military arrangements, commissariat, &c. At Sydenham, during the Handel Festival, the Directors manœuvre a veritable army of visitors and performers, caring for the convenience of each individual with an attention to detail not always to be had in real campaigning. There are to be other great Concerts on the Handel Orchestra by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, the Metropolitan Charity Children, &c.

## IMPROMPTU TO BENWELL.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
A saying old, {but } surely out of date;  
{and }  
Some sing for years, yet savage are at best:  
The reason is we pay too much of late.

THEODORE HOGG.

HAYDN AND THE "CREATION."—On sending the MS. of the above work, in 1799, to Herr Breitkopf, the composer, then 67, wrote as follows: "Oh, God! how much more is there still to be done in this magnificent art! It is true that the world pays me every day a great many compliments on the fire of my later productions, but no one will believe what exertions they cause me in their invention. I am an old man, and I hope and trust that the critics will not display too much severity towards my *Creation*."

## THE ALBERT HALL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—While we have reason to congratulate Colonel Scott on the comparative acoustic success of the Albert Hall, I think that this success may be further increased by more attention to the acoustic principles of its construction. In his letter Colonel Scott does not appear to me to describe correctly the sound-board action in musical instruments, or its application in the wooden wainscoting of the Hall. He says:—

"It is a matter of common observation that musical sounds often set up a vibration in the sounding-board of a piano, glass drinking vessels, and similar resonant objects, and manifestly an interval must elapse between the actuating sound and the sympathetic response."

But the vibration thus set up is that, not of the sounding-board, but of the wires of the piano, or of the glass of the vessels, which happen to be in unison or in harmony with the original musical sound, and yield their own corresponding tones. The sounding-board receives and diffuses this sound by its large vibrating surface; but, unlike the wires or the glass, it has no note of its own. It merely communicates to the air the vibrations which it receives from the wire or string, and thus increases the volume of sound (vibrating air) which reaches the ear. Sounding-boards are chiefly useful where the vibrating body producing sound is a solid, as in the case of wired or stringed instruments, and tuning-forks; and they owe their efficiency to the rigidity of their wood fibre, by which they promptly receive and transmit the vibrations, and to the lightness of their mass, which renders their vibrations more extensive and more able to impress the air in contact with their large surfaces. The sounds of wind instruments and the voice are not equally increased by sounding-boards, and the same may be said of other sounds communicated through air. But although we cannot greatly augment aerial sounds on this sounding-board principle, we can do something in this way; and I believe that something to have been successfully gained by Colonel Scott in his preferring thin wood to other materials for the lining of the Albert Hall.

If the walls had been faced with a hard, smooth, dense material, such as stone, tile, or plaster, they would have so perfectly reflected the sound as to produce distinct echoes, which, retarded by distance and repeated so long after the original sound, would confuse the words of speakers, and musical notes out of time, and therefore out of tune, would follow. Confusion and discord would have been the necessary results.

If the walls had been completely covered with a soft, flaccid material, like drapery, which damps or deadens sound by completely neutralizing the vibrations, there would be neither echo nor resonance; but although loud notes might have been distinct enough, all weaker sounds would be as much lost as if they were made in the open air.

A lining of thin, light wood will neither reflect the sound nor damp it, but will, in a measure, receive and participate in its vibrations, and thus increase the body of sound in its vicinity, without any sufficient retardation to injure time or tune. The general result will be to make the whole air of the amphitheatre, with its resounding wooden walls, vibrate in harmony or system with the leading notes of the orchestra, without any stray notes or echoes to cause confusion.

If it should be found on further trial that any such echoes still remain, no doubt they may be silenced by a judicious distribution of drapery; but I would suggest that the same correction might be obtained, with less sacrifice of sound, by frames or diaphragms of light woodwork on the echoing surfaces.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

May 2.

CHARLES J. B. WILLIAMS, M.D., F.R.S.

VIENNA.—Herr Nicolaus Dumba, president of the Vienna Association of Male Voices, has been presented by the Baroness Prokesch Osten with an interesting relic of Schubert. It is the original of a composition for chorus, headed "*Alla nostra Irene*," and written in the year 1827. "*Nostra Irene*" is the Baroness herself, who was then Mdlle. Irene von Kiesewetter. New words will be written for the work, which will then be performed at the approaching promenade concerts of the Association.—Signor Pollini's Italian opera company commenced their season with *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Among the principal artists are Madame Arlot-Padilla and her husband.

BRUSSELS.—The season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie was brought to a close with the ballet entitled *La Madone*. It has, according to report, been a profitable one. The theatre will, unless the present arrangements are modified, remain shut four months.—The little differences between M. Gevaert and the Government having been satisfactorily made up, that gentleman was officially installed, last Monday week, by the administrative committee as Director of the Conservatory. On the occasion of the professors being presented to him, he explained the course he intends pursuing. This may be summed up in three principal points: 1. To give the school a really national tendency; 2. To cultivate the special qualities which characterize the Belgian nation; and, 3. To elevate the intellectual standard of the pupils.

## MUSIC AT BERLIN.

Herr Walter, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is engaged for a limited number of nights, or, as the Germans term it, is engaged as a "guest" at the Royal Operahouse here. He made his first appearance in M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, Mdlle. Mallinger being the heroine. Another "guest" has been Herr Theodor Schmidt, a baritone from the Stadttheater, Leipzig. He selected the part of the Conte de Luna, in Signor Verdi's *Trovatore*, for his *début*. He possesses a fresh and agreeable voice; and can boast of a prepossessing exterior, but he cannot sing—at least, he cannot sing well enough for a first-class theatre, unless his bad phrasing and inartistic style are to be attributed to the nervousness attendant on a first appearance. If fright was the cause of his shortcomings, he may still attain the object of his visit, namely, an engagement in place of Herr Schelper, who quits the Royal Operahouse, and proceeds in search of pastures new; if, on the other hand, the specimen he gave of his powers was up to his usual mark, the sooner Herr Theodor Schmidt takes his return ticket the better for himself and—the public. Of the two "guests," the public certainly preferred Herr Walter.—Herr R. Wagner's concert announced for the 5th inst. at the Royal Operahouse, went off very well. The orchestra was augmented to the number of one hundred performers; the vocalists were Madame v. Voggenhuber, Mdlle. Brandt, Herren Betz, Fricke, Schelper, and Woworsky, all members of the Royal Opera. To these must be added a goodly contingent from Stern's Vocal Union. Herr Wagner was, of course, the conductor. The programme was given in last week's number of the *Musical World*. All we have now to add is that the concert was undoubtedly a success.—Herr R. W. has since left for Bayreuth, where, according to report, he intends making a lengthened stay.—Herr Bilse has brought his series of concerts to a close for the season.

## PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—Our own correspondent writes from this always musically busy town as follows:—

"To sit out the *Beggar's Opera* and *finale* to *Lucia di Lammermoor* on one evening, the whole of *Guy Mannering* and the *Waterman* on another, perched on a space not much larger than a fourpenny-piece, is a task which even the great attraction of Mr. Sims Reeves could hardly render endurable, much less comfortable; yet such penance did our correspondent and others undergo, while many envied even this (literally) small privilege, being fain to stand, or seek some 'coign of vantage' at the wings, or up in the remote regions of the flies, whence many opera-glasses strained to catch occasional glimpses of the hero of the hour, their owners enjoying the performance all the more from the fact that they were on what is usually forbidden ground, and that for once they were enabled to penetrate the great mystery of 'behind the scenes.' In Gay's Newgate Pastoral, Mr. Reeves again proved himself as incontestably good an actor as he is a singer, carrying off unbounded applause throughout, a share of which also fell to Miss Tremaine as Polly Peachum, and Miss Zerbini as Lucy Lockit. Whether Henry Bertram's singing 'Good bye, sweetheart,' on a desolate heath, or 'Tom Bowling' as an accompaniment to Dandie Dinmont's repast in the gipsies' encampment, or Gabriel giving the 'Wolf' from the *Castle of Andalusia* (apropos of nothing particular), or Wilhelmina (Madame Lancia) warbling 'Il bacio' in the *Waterman*, be in accordance with the 'eternal fitness of things,' I cannot pretend to say, my duty being not to enquire into such recondite matters, but merely to record the fact that the British public, of whom some 2,500 paid their money each evening, appeared delighted, and that our great English tenor was in full possession of his powers, singing his best. What that is happily needs no description; suffice it to say that hearty and frequent as was the applause—and the Birmingham audience can be vigorous—it was thoroughly well deserved, and the wish is generally expressed that the lessee will not allow another twelve months to elapse ere again engaging Mr. Reeves at the theatre."—D. H.

## IMPROMPTU, MADE AT AXMINSTER.

Of the vocalists in high positions,  
That *oi πολλοί* seek for and follow,  
There are few that are solid musicians,  
For the best of their singing is hollow.—BENWELL.



## AUBER.

The news of the death of Auber will surprise no one, although it may affect many. Judged from a musical point of view, the representative man of his day, and, under no matter what circumstances considered, the most richly endowed and greatest of French composers, Auber has played a conspicuous part in the art history of his country. He who wrote *La Muette de Portici* (*Masaniello*) was neither more nor less than the French Rossini, and in very many respects may be looked upon as quite the equal of that extraordinary genius. At any other time than the present the death of such a man would have created as much excitement in Paris as was created by the death of Rossini three years ago. But now Auber passes away almost unnoticed by his countrymen, to whose edification and delight he has ministered for upwards of half a century. He has died, however, full of years and of glory. Auber had attained his 81st year before making his first semi-abortive attempt—forerunner of a series of successes which no other French composer, and, indeed, no other composer of any country, Rossini, the Italian, alone excepted—has equalled. *Le Séjour Militaire*, a one-act opera, produced in 1813 at the Théâtre Feydeau, was a failure; nor was the *Testament et les Billets-doux*, given six years later, when circumstances had compelled the young amateur to employ that talent as a means of existence which had previously been exercised as nothing else than an amusement, more fortunate. But, the year after, Auber gave *La Bergère Châtelaine*, at the Opéra Comique; and this genial and charming work was the commencement of his afterwards brilliant career. *La Bergère* was followed in rapid succession by eight other operas, the last of which, *Fiorella*, was brought out in 1826. Among these eight operas we may point to *La Neige*, *Léocadie*, and *Le Maçon*, as all—the *Maçon* especially—likely to endure. From 1826 to the beginning of 1828 Auber was silent; but in the early spring of 1828 he composed—not now for the Opéra Comique, but for the great stage of the Académie Royale de Musique—the opera upon which, bearing in recollection all his other masterpieces, his reputation is chiefly based. We refer to *La Muette de Portici*, known in England, where, for forty years, it has been even more popular than in France, as *Masaniello*. This magnificent work, which, with its gorgeous wealth of melody, its piquant and varied harmony, its superb orchestration, and its vivid "local colouring," may, although less elaborately conceived, and not aiming at so high a mark, be put side by side with *Guillaume Tell*, at once placed its composer on the pinnacle of fame. Many and admirable as were the works that came subsequently from the brain of its prolific and untiring author, not one has surpassed, if any, indeed, has equalled it. *La Muette* was brought out on the 29th of February, 1828, when Auber was in his 47th year. The work, one of the best of its kind, was not written, as some have stated, by Scribe and Germain Delavigne, but by Scribe and Mélesville. This, however, matters little; the music alone would suffice to make the opera immortal.

The fame of Auber is almost, if not quite, as much English as French. From the time that an English version of *La Muette* was introduced in London, under the title of *Masaniello*, about a year later than its production in Paris, work after work by this wonderfully gifted composer has been essayed at our English theatres. We have had, for example, *La Fiancée*, *Fra Diavolo*, the *Philtre* (on the same subject as Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*), the *Maid of Cashmere* (*Le Dieu et la Bayadère*), *Gustave III.*, the *Coiners* (*Le Serment*), *Les Océans*, the *Ambassadress*, the *Siren*, the *Crown Diamonds*, the *Black Domino*, *Haydée*, *Marco Spada*, &c. Auber, indeed, though a foreigner, has done more for our lyric stage than Bishop, Loder, John Barnett, Rooke, Hatton, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, or any of our native composers. His melodies are as familiar to us as household words, and, like

some of our own national tunes, English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, endowed with perennial freshness.

Auber, who began so late as a dramatic composer, made up for this tardiness by writing operas at an age when we might fairly imagine that his invention must have been dried up. Altogether he has given between 40 and 50 operas, the last but one of which, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, although written at the age of 86, is as remarkable for spontaneity as many of the happiest inspirations of his prime. His final opera was *Rêve d'Amour*, produced at the Opéra Comique on the 20th of December, 1869, about a year later than the *Premier Jour de Bonheur*. Between *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, given at the same theatre, and *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the octogenarian composer had allowed himself four years of rest; hence, no doubt, the singular freshness of his penultimate essay, the success of which induced him too eagerly and hastily to set to work again. *Rêve d'Amour*, which is the last, is also, perhaps, the weakest of all its composer's dramatic works.

Auber was born, according to some authorities, in 1784, according to others in 1782. It has been vouchsafed to few of his class to see so much, and at the same time to pass a life so unchequered amid vicissitudes which influenced more or less all around him. As a man, independently of his artistic claims, he was wonderfully popular. No less witty than his contemporary and idol, Rossini, a bust of whom was in every room of his house, Auber was at the same time no less amiable and fascinating; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that he died universally regretted. Only seven years ago visitors to Paris might have seen, day after day, at certain specified hours, taking their "constitutional" walk on the Boulevard des Italiens, the three greatest dramatic composers of the age—Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Auber. Now all are gone. Meyerbeer died in 1864, Rossini in 1868, and Auber ("last of the giants") only the other day. *Requiescant in pace!* It may be long before their equals are found, long before we have another *Huguenots*, another *Guillaume Tell*, another *Masaniello*.

## Shaber Silber across a new Tenor.

Nevertheless at Her Majesty's Opera a new singer, and that singer a tenor, has actually appeared. Mr. Bentham, the Signor "Bentami" of the prospectus, has made his debut in the medium part of Carlo—a strong part for a light tenor, a light part for a *tenore robusto*—in Donizetti's "*Linda di Chamouni*," and has achieved a fair amount of success. Mr. Bentham has for some years been well known among amateurs—especially professed amateurs—by his performances at the concerts of the Civil Service Amateur Society. He was a most distinguished member of that association, and his singing formed one of the chief attractions at its grand gatherings. From Hanover-square Mr. Bentham moved, *via* Italy, to Copenhagen, where by the accounts that reached England he appears to have electrified the Danes. He afterwards, we believe, returned and sang publicly in Italy. At all events, he came out a few nights ago at Her Majesty's Opera. Mr. Bentham has an agreeable voice, which has gained in power as the singer has improved in method; and he went through the ordeal of a first appearance with courage, if not with composure. It must be a great trial to a gentleman known to have been an amateur, to sing for the first time before his friends in the character of a professional vocalist. He knows that he is expected to be amateurish; and, reflecting thereon, can scarcely be anything else. However, Mr. Bentham, when he is left to himself, will soon gain confidence. He possesses both gifts and the ability to use them, and, though he will never succeed in making Carlo an interesting part, he will doubtless attain an honourable position in the artistic walk he has chosen.

Shaber Silber.

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is at present here. He intends stopping some little time.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,  
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

## MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S Pianoforte Recitals.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has the honour to announce that the remaining PIANOFORTE RECITALS of his ELEVENTH SERIES will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 26,  
FRIDAY, June 2,  
FRIDAY, June 9,

THURSDAY June 15,  
THURSDAY June 22,

### THE FOURTH RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 26TH, 1871,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### Programme.

##### PART I.

FANTASIA CHROMATICA and FUGUE, in D minor .. .. . Bach.  
GIGUE, in G minor (from 9th Suite) for Pianoforte .. .. . Handel.

SONG. "Name the glad day." .. .. . Dussek.  
Mlle. DRASDIL.

GRAND SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin .. .. . Beethoven.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Madame NORMAN NERUDA.

##### PART II.

PHANTASIESTÜCKE, Op. 12 .. .. . Schubert.  
a. "Der Abend," b. "Aufschwung," c. "Wärme," d. "Grillen."  
BERCEUSE, Op. 57 } for Pianoforte .. .. . Chopin.  
GRAND POLONAISE, Op. 63 }

SONG. .. .. . Müller.  
Mlle. DRASDIL.

SONATA, in G major, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin .. .. . Beethoven.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Madame NORMAN NERUDA.

Accompanist - - - HERR LEHMEYER.

Soft Stalls .. 7s. Balcony .. 3s. Area .. 1s.

Tickets at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; MITCHELL'S, 33, Old Bond Street; OLLIVIER'S, 39, Old Bond Street; KEITH, FROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; HAYS, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at AUSTIN'S Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STEPHEN ROUND.—The name of the flautist mentioned by Mr. Round is Gariboldi—not Garibaldi.

ANTEATER.—Signor Bonetti, one of Mr. Lumley's *chefs-d'orchestre* at Her Majesty's Theatre, also *chef-d'orchestre* at the Paris and Petersburg Italian Operas, died in June, 1869 (not 1867), at Isle Adam. The composer, Albert Grisar, died in the same month of the same year, at the now famous village of Asnières.

T. H. ADLER.—The name of Signor Alary's opera, produced two years since at Toulouse, was *La Beauté du Diable*. No such "beauté" was remarked in the work, which did not contain a fresh idea.

DON'T THINK ME A BORE.—By no means. Pierre Dupont, a much more natural poet than Béranger, though just as French (if not as Parisian), died in July last year, at St. Etienne. He was born in 1821, at Rochetaille, near Lyons.

PAUL MOIST.—Gluck was a Bavarian. Gluck, not Glück. In all other respects Mr. Moist has been misinstructed. We are sorry for it, but we cannot help it. He should consult our pages with more assiduous regularity, or with more regular assiduity.

A. FIDDLER.—Mendelssohn's violin concerto was first introduced in this country by Signor Sivori, at one of the Philharmonic Concerts in 1846. Mr. A. Fiddler is right about M. Sainton, who was the next to play it after Signor Sivori; but elsewhere he is wrong. J. Joachim followed Sainton, and H. Vieuxtemps followed J. Joachim. Mr. Fiddler is also misinformed about Beethoven's concerto, which was not composed for Bridgetower, but for Clement, Bridgetower's contemporary and rival.

#### DEATH.

On May 17, Mr. WILLIAM RUSSEL, Music Engraver, aged 54, much respected.

#### NOTICE.

In consequence of unusual press of matter, our articles on the Italian Opera, the Crystal Palace Concerts, the concert of Mr. Sydney Smith, &c., are unavoidably postponed until next week.

#### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871.

#### THE GREGORIAN NON-REVIVAL.

A NEW "QUARTERLY," entitled *The Sacristy*, has just appeared, and in its pages the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard discourses concerning "The Church's Gregorian Music." Mr. Sheppard is a member of that peculiar sect which calls itself "English Catholic;" and, therefore, he looks with a sort of proprietary air upon all pre-Reformation things. He would, doubtless, contend that, while eating the salt of the separatist English Church, he has an inheritance in that more venerable corporation against which the English Church was originally a protest. How this may be is a matter for Mr. Sheppard alone, and concerns us not a whit. But the reverend writer comes within our province when he advocates the revival of Gregorian music; and, hence, no apology need be offered for a criticism of his observations.

It is worthy of note at the outset that the latest champion of Gregorianism would have the question removed altogether from the region of taste. True, he says:—

"They who have made themselves at all familiar with the ancient music are quite aware of its practical advantages; of its greater variety; of its elasticity; of its adaptation to the most limited vocal range; of the wide field for skill, taste, and talent which it offers to the organist in the way of accompaniment; in all of which respects the Anglican chant is, by comparison, a musical Act of Uniformity."

But then he goes on to say, "such considerations are not urged now." Herein, at least, Mr. Sheppard acts like a wise man, because the position of those "who have made themselves at all familiar with the ancient music" is utterly untenable, as we shall presently show. But what does the reverend gentleman substitute for the argument of taste, upon which his fellow "Catholics" mainly depend for the support of other practices. Let him speak for himself:—

"These pages are addressed to those who are willing to place the matter upon a higher ground than that of a musical preference, and to admit that it has authority. To such the Gregorian chant represented the earliest known Christian music; handed down through hundreds of years, deliberately retained in the English Church at the time of her separation from the Patriarchate of the West; never interdicted, never disallowed; abolished indeed with the Book of Common Prayer, and restored with it; and since then simply suffered, in company with so much appertaining to decency, order, discipline, and devotion, to fall more and more into the background, until finally obscured beneath the dust and rubbish, the sloth and negligence, which have passed as indications of Protestant simplicity.

"The arguments for the restoration of this music stand much upon the same ground as those which are pleaded for the restoration of the ancient vestments. It is not simply a question of utility."

It may be strange, it may, after being so long hushed, sound harsh at first, and uncouth to some ears; it may be utterly different from any modern composition; it may have undergone changes and corruptions; it may even be not distinctive Church music at all, but secular in its origin; still, Churchmen will love it for its own and for the Church's sake to whose use it is consecrated; and will rejoice in the thought that in raising once more these "old and antique songs," they are echoing the very strains in which for a thousand consecutive years their forefathers blessed and praised the Lord."

Of course, when the use of Gregorian music is sought to be justified on the grounds here stated, we can have nothing to say. The whole matter becomes one of sentiment; and is equally removed from considerations of beauty and utility.



If A. loves an ugly ruin simply because it is old, B. has no *locus standi* whence to argue against A's predilection. So, likewise, if C. pays reverence to a rusty coat of mail, because it was worn by his ancestor at Agincourt, D. may entertain a profound contempt for the mass of old metal, but must feel that remonstrance would be impertinent. When, therefore, our "Catholic" friends protest they love Gregorian music because it is the "old and antique song" of the Christian Church, all that we have a right to say is, "*Chacun à son gout*. We don't." But when Mr. Sheppard contends for the use of Gregorian art on such grounds, it is clear that he ought to confine himself to what is Gregorian. He does nothing of the kind, however; and here we come into collision both with him and with those who advocate Gregorianism as a matter of taste. The fact is that what Mr. Sheppard loves as "the earliest known Christian music," and what "those who have made themselves familiar" with it say, affords the organist "a wide field for skill, taste, and talent," is simply Gregorian music aided by modern resources. With true Gregorian music neither organ nor organist has anything to do in the "old and antique" form, being nothing more than unisonous, unaccompanied singing. When, therefore, Mr. Sheppard talks of antiquity, we must confine him strictly to that which the word comprehends. By all means let him have his Gregorian music; but if he admits the use of modern appliances, down tumbles the whole fabric of his arguments, burying him in the ruins.

It would seem, however, that with all the recommendation given to it by skilful accompaniment, and solemn harmony (the modern dress which covers a venerable old skeleton), Gregorianism makes no progress, unless it be progress backward. On this head Mr. Sheppard speaks with authority, and we again quote his words:—

"We gather from 'Mackeson's Guide' for 1871 that this music is used in 44 churches, within a radius of twelve miles from the General Post-office. This, at first sight, might appear to be satisfactory, and even when we are further told that within the same radius are comprised 677 churches, it might still seem matter for congratulation (although the proportion be somewhat small) that in one out of every fifteen churches the ancient Psalm tunes may be heard. But when with these we compare other statistics, and find that in 135 churches there are daily services; in 151 surplined choirs; in 156 weekly offertories; in 184 weekly celebrations; in 199 saints' day services; and in 210 early celebrations, it will be seen that the revival of the ancient church-song has found less favour than many other usages, with less of the 'privilege of antiquity' upon them; and with which it might have been expected to go, at least, hand in hand.

"And still less is there reason for congratulation, when we consider that the introduction of this music into 44 out of 677 churches has been the work of a generation. It is just about thirty years since the Rev. F. Oakley, then the Priest, and Mr. Redhead, then the organist of the little chapel (dear to the recollection of many) in Margaret Street, which occupied the site of the present stately church of All Saints, put forth, under the title of "*Laudes Diurnæ*," the first published adaptation of the Gregorian tones to the English Psalter. Very excellent things have been done in those thirty years, but as regards Church music, not what might have been expected.

"For the authority above quoted tells us also that where, as in 1870, the Gregorian chant was used in 44 churches out of 677, in 1869 it was used in 46 out of 661; in 1868 in 49 out of 620; and in 1867 in 61 out of 617. So that whilst church building has progressed, Gregorian music has retrograded, at least in London and its neighbourhood."

The foregoing particulars settle the fate of Gregorian music, regarded as within the domain of taste; but if any proof were needed of the fact it would be found in the abandonment of the "taste" argument, and the putting forward of that founded on antiquity. An obvious reply to the latter is, "By all means have your 'antiquity' if you like it; but let it be antique."

FLORENCE.—A new opera, *Il Quadro parlante*, by a young composer, Signor Bacchini, has been successfully produced at the Teatro nuovo.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

*Faust* has, as a matter of course, been already played at both our opera-houses. Some *Fausts* are awkward, some graceful; some impassioned, some passionless. But there can be no very profound differences between this and that reading of the part, the *Faust* of M. Gounod's opera being merely a walking gentleman who sings, as the *Faust* of MM. Barbier and Carré's drama is a walking gentleman who talks.

Shaver Silver.

SOME mystic authorities contend that the wood of the violin becomes changed in structure after being played upon, and is reconstructed on a finer principle; and for this reason a very old violin that has been treated with refined playing can hardly be bought, because it has yielded up its original coarseness, and obeys a divine law. When Ole Bull wished to repair his violin, he waited till one day some accident in the orchestra "killed" the double bass, when he secured a portion of, the wood to incorporate with his instrument. Military music converts men from a mob into a machine, and subjects their wills to the purpose of one enthusiastic movement. [These are Yankee speculations.—A. S. S.]

THE P.R. being now "put down," as the late Sir Peter Laurie was wont to observe, lovers of a "merry mill" take in one or other of our religious journals instead of *Bell's Life*. We sometimes, for example, take a look at the *Church Herald*—a regular Tipton Slasher—and seldom do so without meeting with such a pretty specimen of the *odium theologicum* as the following. The italics are ours:—

"It is lamentable that the Clergy should ever be found abetting the Laity in giving effect to their prejudices against the old and well-accredited Catholic principles or practices of the Church. There is, as we all know, in the ignorant ultra-Protestant mind, a strong and most unreasonable prejudice against Choral Services, and even against the properest and best music of the Church, more especially if it be of an ancient and thoroughly-established Catholic character; and, more especially still, if it happen to be music such as is common to the Church of Rome, equally with the Church of England. An instance of this, it appears, lately occurred at Canterbury. Yes; at Canterbury—above all places—the very birthplace in England of the true music of the Church, such music has been objected to by, we suppose, some ill-informed and ill-conditioned country Churchwardens, who probably consider the drawing forth of 'Tate and Brady' the perfection of Church music; and, strange enough, there have not been wanting Clergymen to take part with them in their attestation for something sufficiently debased to suit their corrupt taste, and gratify their vulgar prejudices. In consequence, we are told, of the objections raised to the use of Gregorian chants and Tallis's Litany by certain of the Clergy and Laity invited to the Visitation of the Archdeacon—who happen also to be the Bishop Suffragan—he had been compelled to arrange with the Vicar that the Service should be of a simpler character, and that the ordinary use of the Church (St. Margaret's) should be departed from on the occasion." Now, for Gregorian music to be thus given up at the very seat of, the great Gregory's most vital influences, not on English Church music only, but on the English Church herself, does certainly appear passing strange. Surely there was no need for Bishop Parry to make himself a party to any such indignity towards one to whom the Church of England in general, and the See of Canterbury in particular, owes so much,—as Christianity itself, indeed, does, to him whose music it was which was so wantonly sacrificed. And why are our Bishops and Archdeacons always so ready to give way to such stupid Puritanical objections to anything Catholic in the Church of England, whether in music, in Ritual, or anything else? Had a few very good Churchmen taken exception to a low and corrupt style of music, and asked for something higher and better, they would, of course, have been refused; but when ignorant ultra-Protestant prejudices assert their vicious influences, then everything must give way to them, even to the debasement of the Church's Divine Service!

THE annual grand concert of the prince of concert-givers, Sir Julius Benedict, is announced to take place at Floral Hall (Covent Garden), on the afternoon of Wednesday week. To give any notice of the rich and varied programme put forth by Sir Julius is out of the question. Enough that it comprises in one afternoon's performance almost all the attractions, vocal and instrumental, foreign and native, now to be had in the metropolis for love or money, and among the rest all the principal artists of Mr. Gye's enormously rich and varied company. The brilliant result can hardly be questionable.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

**BRITTON AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.**—On Wednesday a complimentary concert was given, at the Angell Town Institution, by the members of this society, to Mr. H. Weist Hill, the conductor, in appreciation of his exertions in bringing the musical forces of the society to their present point of excellence. The programme contained the names of some distinguished solo players, and the concert was in every way a success. The vocalists were Mdlle. Sofia Vinta, Miss Lucie Hann, Miss F. Ashton; Mr. George Perren and Mr. J. H. Croft; and the instrumentalists were M. Sainton, M. Svensden, M. Lassere, and Madame Fox-Heinke. Mr. J. Harrison was the pianoforte accompanist. The band, strengthened by much professional talent, was in good force, and executed the overture to *Masaniello*, an operatic selection from *William Tell*, and the Grand March from *Le Prophète*. Among the more noticeable features of the programme were a couple of violin solos by M. Sainton, a flute solo by M. Svensden, a fantasia on airs from *Faust* by M. Lassere, on the violoncello, and a pianoforte solo Weber's *Concertstück* for pianoforte and orchestra by Madame Fox-Heinke. Mr. George Perren sang a new patriotic song, "Our Rifles are ready, hurrah!" his own composition, and for the encore gave "Good-bye, sweetheart."

W. H. P.

**MDLLE. BONDY** gave her annual concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday afternoon, the 13th inst., assisted by Miss Banks and Mr. J. W. Turner in the vocal, and by Herr W. Ganz, Herr Josef Ludwig, and Mr. Lazarus, in the instrumental part. Mdlle. Bondy played, with Mr. Lazarus, Weber's duet in E flat major, for pianoforte and clarinet, also three minor pieces by different composers, and, in conjunction with Herr Ludwig, a *suite* in D major, for piano and violin, by W. Bargiel. In the second part Mdlle. Bondy took part, with Herr Ganz, in Mendelssohn's and Moscheles' duet for two pianos, on airs from Weber's *Preciosa*, at the end of which both artists were recalled, and, lastly, performed Liszt's *Campanella*. Mdlle. Bondy played all her pieces with spirit and effect. She possesses considerable execution and a nice "touch." Mdlle. Bondy was much and deservedly applauded after each of her performances. Mr. Turner was recalled after singing Rossini's "Cujus Animam," and was applauded after "Salve dimora." Miss Banks sang as well as ever, and was particularly applauded after Herr Ganz's popular "Sing, sweet bird." Herr Ludwig's playing of M. Vieuxtemps' "Romance," followed by Paganini's *moto perpetuo*, exhibited very considerable ability. The finished performances of Mr. Lazarus were, as always, greatly admired. The room was filled by a discriminating audience.

H. L.

**MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN**, who is well known as one of our best guitarists, gave a recital on Wednesday, under distinguished patronage, at the Beethoven Rooms. Madame Pratten played solos by Sor, Leonard Schulz, and compositions by herself, together with duets for two guitars by Giuliani (in conjunction with Dr. Gaisford), fully sustaining her great reputation. Madame Pratten was assisted by Miss Roselli, Miss Lina Glover, Herr Reichardt, and the Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. Fielding. Herr Reichardt appeared for the first time since his return from the Continent, and sang Mendelssohn's "Morgenruss," and Franz Schubert's "Die Forelle," in an artistic manner. He also gave one of his own songs ("J'aime, je suis aimé"), with more than his usual excellence. Miss Roselli, in a song by Blumenthal, and Miss Lina Glover in a ballad by Wallace, also gave much satisfaction. A young pianist, Madlle. Alma Hollaender, played some solos by Mendelssohn, Heller, and Schumann, in superior style. Mr. Hargitt was the conductor.

**MADAME BERGER-LASCCELLES** and Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER gave their annual concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday evening last, commencing with an admirable performance of Hummel's great trio in E flat, by Messrs. Sivori, Lidel, and Francesco Berger. Madame Berger sang most artistically Stradella's aria di chiesa, "Sei miei sospiri," and Mercadante's favourite air, "Ah s'estinto," as well as some English songs, after each of which she was much and deservedly applauded. Mr. Francesco Berger gained fresh laurels, both as executant and composer. He played two solos, "Je reve à toi" and "The banjo revel," a caprice humoresque, for the first time, and (by desire) his fantasia "Old England." He also produced for the first time a "Meditation sur un prélude de Bach," played to perfection by Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), Herr Lidel (violoncello), and himself on the pianoforte. The composition was received with much favour, and listened to with pleasure as the work of an accomplished master of his art. Mdlle. Corani sang Mozart's "Parto" with Mr. Lazarus, clarinet accompaniment, charmingly, the song being well received, as was Miss Katherine Poyntz's rendering of Berger's pretty canonet "The Elf," a bright and effective composition. Herr Nordblom never sang better than on this occasion. In the tenor scena from *Der Freischütz* and Ascher's romance, "Alice, where art thou?" he was deservedly applauded. Signor Bottesini, in a solo on the double bass, and in a new grand concertante duet with Signor Sivori, created quite a sensation. Miss Katherine Poyntz,

Messrs. L. Waldeck and Vinning, contributed several vocal effusions. Messrs. Li Calsi Emanuel, and Randegger, were the conductors.

Ms. Austin's annual concert took place on Wednesday evening, his friends and patrons mustering in great force. The programme was very attractive, and the artists some of the best and most popular at the present time in London. Mr. Austin had the advantage of a small but excellent orchestra, selected from Mr. Charles Coote's band, under the direction of Mr. Stanton Jones, which played in good style several overtures and selections from popular operas, &c. Madames Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, and Haydee-Abrek, gave several of their popular scenes and duets, and the first-named lady, with Mr. Sims Reeves, was loudly encoired in Verdi's duet, "Ah, Morir," as was Mr. Reeves in "The Pilgrim of Love" and "The Message." Mr. Maybrick, in a very capital song, "A Warrior Bold," by Adams, sang better than usual, and was much applauded. Mr. George Perren also proved successful in Benedict's popular song, "Eily Mavourneen." Miss Helen D'Alton gave "The Meeting of the Waters," and a song of Sir Michael Costa's. Miss Lina Glover sang Moore's Irish ballad, "Sweet Innisfallen," and De Gioso's brilliant waltz aria, "I'm a fishermaid," in a style that considerably strengthened her reputation. We understand the lessee of Her Majesty's Opera has availed himself of Miss Glover's presence in London by engaging her talent for his troupe at Drury Lane. Miss Edith Wynne was, as usual, effective in Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and was loudly applauded. A new duet for the pianoforte by Mr. F. H. Cowen, arranged expressly for this concert, was played by the author and Miss Clinton Fynes. It is a brilliant, clever, and effective work, well calculated for public performance. Miss Clinton Fynes also played Chopin's Impromptu, Op. 29, and his false brillante, receiving much applause, as also did Mr. F. H. Cowen, for his brilliant solos, "Berceuse" and "Rondo à la Turque." Two brilliant flute solos were given by Herr Sauvlet, who possesses a very good tone and capital execution. The concert was a great success. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied the vocal selection.

## Shaver Silber across the Opera.

The effect of the war upon music has been far more unfavourable than, judging from past history, one had any right to expect. In the time of the first Napoleon the invasion of Italy did not interfere with the production of Rossini's operas; and *Fidelio* was brought out at Vienna during the occupation of that city by the French, who—one can easily understand—found Beethoven's music somewhat heavy. Not only when they entered cities on the offensive, but also when they defended themselves against besiegers, the French still looked with a kindly eye and listened with a kindly ear to operatic performances. During the siege of Hamburg the French garrison made a sortie, in order to procure a cow for Mdlle. Fodor, who was accustomed, when she sang, to drink deep of milk, and by reason of the siege could get none. The cow was kept in the property room and milked regularly between the acts; and all that she desired having been secured for the prima donna, the operatic performances were continued without any regard for the now obsolete "cannon-balls" by which the theatre from time to time was chipped. Nowadays war is waged with so much energy that while it lasts everything else has to be sacrificed to it, and its duration is so brief that the civil part of the population have neither ability nor even time to accommodate themselves to its exigencies. Formerly a country in which fighting was going on would often continue its ordinary domestic life much as if the war had no existence—just as a man will often live for the most part like other men with a bullet in his body. But this last war has fallen on France like a stroke of apoplexy, and, for a time at least, has paralyzed it. No one now alive is likely to forget the winter during which Paris was besieged, and singers will remember it as the one during which there was no opera season.

Now, no opera season in Paris means no novelty at either of our opera-houses. Our enterprising managers look to Paris and nowhere else for new works, and this year they will find none to import either from the opera lately called "Imperial" (now once more, we suppose, to be called "National") which gave us within the last few years *L'Africaine*, *Don Carlos*, and *Hamlet*, nor from the Opera Comique, from which *L'Étoile du Nord* and *Le Pardon de Ploermel* (*Dinorah*) proceeded, nor from the Theatre Lyrique, which gave us *Faust*, *Mirelle*, and the *Mock Doctor*; nor from the Theatre des Italiens, whose lead, in the matter of Italian operas, is generally followed, and from which, among other things, the Italianized version of *Martha* was borrowed. However, in theatrical matters, when novelties do not exist, it is necessary to invent them, and this season, more than ever, we are obliged to accept as "novelties" the revival of an opera which until last year or the year before had not been heard for several years previously in London, or a performance in which there is nothing new, but some trifling change. **Shaver Silber.**

WE are happy to learn that Mr. W. H. Cummings arrived safely at New York, though not without rude buffetings and some delay. By this time, perhaps, he is on his way back. If so—or if not, seeing that he must return sooner or later—we say "Bon voyage."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

## MADAME GODDARD AT MANCHESTER.

The *Manchester Examiner* speaks thus of Madame Arabella Goddard's recent performance at one of the "Gentlemen's Concerts":—

"The appearance of Madame Arabella Goddard was the most interesting feature of the concert of Monday night, and the hearty reception which greeted the accomplished lady as she entered the orchestra was not merely an evidence of the general esteem with which she is regarded here, but of sympathy and satisfaction that she was enabled to fulfil the engagement which she had been unhappily compelled to postpone from indisposition. We question if ever Madame Goddard was heard to such advantage in Manchester as on Monday evening, although we are not forgetful of her many successful performances; and we doubt, also, if she ever finds music more in harmony with her own tastes, more within the grasp of her special accomplishments as an artist and executant, than the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn. From beginning to end, her conception of this beautiful work was as poetical and intellectual as its execution was faultless. Power and grace were appropriately combined. The grand harmonies of the andante and the brilliant passages of the succeeding movement were equally admirable; and at the conclusion of the Concerto Madame Goddard was greeted by applause far more spontaneous and sustained than we are accustomed to hear from the Concert Hall audience, and the ovation would be all the more acceptable, since it was so demonstratively joined in by the members of the orchestra, who, under Mr. Hallé's careful direction, had so admirably played the lovely accompaniments. In the second part, Madame Goddard was quite as successful in music of a very different character; and her splendid rendering of Thalberg's brilliant and clever Fantasia was no less appreciated than the Concerto. At its conclusion she was warmly recalled, and many of her admirers were evidently anxious to make her pay the penalty as well as receive the honours of a recall."

## THE ALBERT HALL.

Referring to the musical doings at the opening of this building, the *Musical Times* says:—

"As it is no part of the province of our journal to record the particulars of gorgeous court ceremonials, we have but brief mention to make of the opening of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, which took place on the 29th March. It is natural that the persons forming that aristocratic *clique* which represents the governing power of this new temple, should delude themselves into the belief that they had nothing to do but build a large Hall, under court influence, and then beckon art and science to Kensington Gore with a flourish of trumpets; but the people—and we presume that the people are appealed to, from the constant use of the word "national" in connection with the undertaking—will insist upon asking what warrant there is for supposing that anything can be better done at the Albert Hall than anywhere else; why, for instance, oratorios and grand vocal and instrumental works are to be dragged from their legitimate homes to this uninteresting locality; why a National School of Music, with nobody announced at the head of it, is wanted when one already exists with the recognised best musician of the day as Principal; and why, when chamber music is now, as a rule, played in rooms too large for its requirements, it should be transplanted to one the size of which may be guessed when we say that 8,000 persons can be seated in it without being unduly crowded. Even before the opening of this building discontented people would put these inconvenient questions; but what can be thought of the future of a grand Hall in which music, we are told, is to be made a prominent feature, when the united wisdom of the authorities produced such a programme as that which formed the "Grand Miscellaneous Concert" on the opening day?

"After such a specimen, any person who believes that music will be cultivated amongst the 'arts and sciences' at South Kensington, should be rewarded for his faith by the grant of a box for life—and be made to go to every performance."

The *Globe*, with reference to the introduction of one of Handel's twelve grand concertos, at a recent Philharmonic Concert, has the following:—

"The fourth Philharmonic Concert was opened by one of Handel's 'Grand Concertos,' the introduction of which it is to be desired were less of an innovation. No one disputes the advances which have been made in instrumental music during the last century; but the best means of estimating these would be occasional performances of works which, had they no other interest, would mark the point of departure. Compositions like this 'Concerto,' however, have an interest arising from their science, beauty of detail, and plan. Even the instrumentation is a relief from the sometimes all but overwhelming richness of

that of more recent masters, and serving as a reminder to what extent invention is independent of means. It is to be regretted that this work was not given in conformity with the directions of the score. In the performance of the now extinct 'Ancient Concerts,' the organ was invariably used in concertos and other works of Handel and his contemporaries."

## MUSIC IN WALES.

A writer in the *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter* says:—

I was called to examine candidates for the Elementary and Intermediate Certificates in a country district not far from Corwen. I arrived at the place by one o'clock, and was hurried at once to the Methodist chapel-house, in Pentrecelyn. There I found a great number of young people awaiting the ordeal. I was kept at it till six o'clock, when I had to cease in order to hold a singing meeting in the chapel. But next day—Good Friday—was the great day. We all went to a village called Llandegla. There again I was kept at it all day. They were coming in one after the other till evening. The village was all astir, the young people for miles around were flocking in their "Sunday best" to attend the meeting in the evening, or to be examined for Certificates. I examined 95, of whom 56 took the Elementary Certificate, and 23 the Intermediate. One little girl, between six and seven years of age, took the Elementary Certificate, as did her father at the same time. She beat her father "hollow." It was pleasant to see well-to-do farmers' sons and daughters, farm labourers, and stable-boys indiscriminately, presenting themselves to be examined. I noticed one boy attending a cart the following day. Seeing he made his best bow to us as we drove past, I was reminded that he was one of those whom I had passed the day before for the Intermediate Certificate. He did not present so tidy an exterior as when examined, but the bright eye was even brighter, for his name had been announced at the meeting to receive his certificate. It was a most successful meeting. The chapel was crammed, though sixpence had to be paid for admission. Certificates were granted,—congregational tunes were sung with effect,—two tunes were sung at once in four parts, without any mistake,—and last, but not least, a tune was sung slowly right ahead, written down by the lads and lasses present, and sung from their papers without any mistake. And how is this all brought about? Thus: A working man—Thomas Davies, of Llanarmon, has devoted all his time to teaching. He has seven classes a week, two on Saturday and one on every other day. A number of chapels in a certain district join together to have one meeting a week between them. They agree with Mr. Davies for a few shillings a week, and he teaches the class. He does the same at another place some miles off the next night, and so on night after night. In some places the most influential men take an interest in the meetings, and attend the classes. I had the honour to grant a certificate to our worthy chairman—a deacon of the chapel—who felt as proud of it as the little girl six years of age.

## THE OLD QUERY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—I was not aware that the subject of my letter to you of the 10th inst. was an old query, or would not have intruded upon any space of your publication.

I would add that as Meyerbeer's chief element in overtures was brass, and Mozart's string, it was easy to infer the meaning of my remark as regards the powerful introduction of brass instruments in the overture to *Don Giovanni*, which I only lately noticed at Covent Garden.—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,  
O. L.  
London, 13th May, 1871.

BADEN.—The administration of the Conversationshaus have determined that, as far as depends upon them, the ensuing season shall, by its brilliancy, make up for any shortcomings which, last year, resulted from the outbreak of hostilities. It is true that no complete programme for the entire season has been issued by the 1st May as was the case for the last three years. The reason of this is to be sought exclusively in the disturbed state of affairs up to within a very short time. But, though the details of the programme are not yet decided, its leading features are firmly fixed and settled. There will be a series of concerts, partly instrumental and partly vocal. Chamber music will, also, be adequately represented. For these concerts the most eminent singers will be engaged. The number of the concerts will, most probably, be greater than in any previous year. There will, also, be Italian opera with well-known leading vocalists. The company from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe, moreover, will give a series of performances, as will the entire ballet from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. Among the "expected" is Herr Johann Strauss, for a series of separate concerts.



## RICHARD WAGNER IN BERLIN.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Berlin is almost as dull on Sundays as London, though the contrast is less striking, inasmuch as Berlin, despite its teeming life and unresting activity, is at all times a strangely dull place. The long, long streets of uniform buildings, the eternal succession of square blocks of houses—the principal streets all crossing each other at right angles—and above all, the anxious, worn, troubled expression of face which characterises the inhabitants, male and female, young and old, exert on the stranger a depressing influence which he finds it impossible to throw off. Talk of Englishmen taking their pleasure sadly—the Berliners beat them hollow in their capacity for extracting the utmost amount of hard work out of their amusements. Go into a café at about half-past five in the afternoon—an hour before the dissipated period fixed for the beginning of the theatres—and you will see this characteristic at its best. One after another a sturdy Berlin paterfamilias will plunge in, generally accompanied by his better half, several sisters, and various olive-branches; for the Germans, to their credit be it said, are seldom selfish in their enjoyment. The typical playgoer will, while wiping the perspiration from his heated face with a large red handkerchief, scan anxiously the capabilities of the *Conditors*, as if his life depended upon the action of a moment; all his belongings will scatter themselves about in a general raid for seats, and at last they will fuss themselves into a set of chairs and prepare for action—never ceasing meanwhile to keep a sharp look-out for a corner which may appear more advantageous. Heaven only knows for what reason! Then comes the serious business of drinking coffee and eating several basketsful of cakes; but this does not prevent the party from also devouring all the papers they can get hold of, or the paterfamilias from nervously selecting one cigar out of a number which he drags out from the depths of his breast pocket—for in all *Conditorien*, or confectioners' shops, which here do duty for cafés, smoking is permitted.

The party is provided with reserved seats for the theatre—the countermarks, each as thick as a foreign pack of cards, have been brought out a dozen times, that the party may be assured they are not left behind; but our friends rush off half an hour before the curtain rises, as though their lives depended on their being first in the theatre. Arrived there, they push their way wildly up the spacious staircase, and then, disrobing all over the place, they urge their tumbled garments on the keepers of the "Garderobe." It is not only the ladies, who may be excused for their excitement; but you may see one keen-eyed merchant after another bring up his coat to the counter, look fiercely at his brother playgoers, elbow his way to the front, and call out, in piteous, heart-troubled accents, "Ach! bitte nehmen Sie doch meinen Rock!" Then men as well as women struggle to the mirror stuck up in every corridor, pull out a comb from the cigar pocket or the innermost depths of an under-petticoat, and with hurried, trembling fingers, put the last finishing touch to a rebellious lock or flowing curl. Lastly comes the struggle for seats—the playbills and books of words having each been ardently struggled for at separate counters; and the exhausted pleasure-seekers, with many of those jerkings and uprisings which nervous people often indulge in, settle themselves for their hard-earned evening's entertainment. From this point there is nothing to interfere with their enjoyment but the fierce resistance to later comers who may wish to pass them, the uncertainty as to whether they can best see by leaning across their left or their right hand neighbour, the difficulty of at the same time looking at the stage through an opera-glass and at the book with the naked eye. This extraordinary excitability, which never quite deserts a Berliner until, after his evening meal, he is brought to anchor in front of a mug of beer and a row of cigars, seems to characterize specially the people of this district. You see nothing of it in Vienna, a rapidly improving city, which bids fair to be the future Paris—or in Munich, where life is taken with enviable ease—or in Stuttgart, where the manners of the people are marked by the self-possession usually found only in great communities. The first time you go to a Berlin theatre you fancy you are in the midst of people who have never in their lives before been to the play; and yet the Berliners are the most play-going people in Europe.

They are, moreover, singularly fortunate in the character of the entertainments provided for them. The activity and ability brought to bear upon the management of the Opera-house and the Comedy Theatre in their city are, even to one accustomed to all that London and Paris and Vienna can do, simply astounding. There is a greater variety of masterpieces to be heard at the Operahaus in one month, than in ten years at both the Italian Opera-houses of London. Similarly, it would not be too much to say that more pieces are played at the Schauspielhaus in one year than in all the large theatres of London in the same period. The company is also very strong, and in tragedy, at least, altogether unrivalled in England. Yet the Berliners, accustomed though they be to fine theatrical performances, devote themselves to the theatre with the anxiety of novices. When in the theatre

they have no thought for anything else. In every large town of France, Belgium, and Italy—even in Rome, now that the Pope's paternal government is at an end—newspapers are sold and largely read in the theatre. In Berlin this is never seen. So strange does it seem to be here, that when, the other evening, I began reading the newly-issued *Kreuzzeitung* during an interval, my next-door neighbour edged away, as though he thought I were a dangerous lunatic; but at length, wonder and curiosity overcoming fear, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "What! have you got the *Kreuzzeitung* already!"—it had been published only some three hours previously—"you seem to be very much interested in politics." The explanation of this peculiarity I take to be, that the ardent workers of Berlin—the hardest workers in the world, London not excepted—are so much used to labour, that they look even on the theatre as an intellectual study rather than a mere amusement. Turn your back to the stage and gaze at the earnest, anxious faces around you, and you may fancy yourself in the lecture-room of a university. It is for this reason, I take it, that Wagner is so popular here, and that he has been received with such extraordinary enthusiasm.

Herr Wagner has been little more than a week prominently before the Berlin public, but during that short period he has been the cause of quite as much discussion as he generally contrives to excite. On the 28th of last month he delivered in the presence of the Berlin Academy of Arts—of which body he is a member—a lecture upon "Opera;" and on the following day a supper was given to him in the Hôtel de Rome. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for the banquet; but it was ten before the entrance of Herr Wagner permitted the 150 visitors present to attack a bill of fare which, according to English ideas, was far better adapted to a dinner than a supper. A certain Herr Tappert afterwards welcomed the hero of the evening in an address which, being chiefly alliterative, would lose its sole characteristic in the process of translation. Herr Wagner's reply was by no means wanting in adroitness. He insisted upon the necessity—naturally referring to the late war—of Germans being independent in every act of foreign influence. He required for music nothing but truth of expression. Music had been degraded from a sublime to a merely pleasing art. "If music is really sublime, it has nothing to do with mere euphony (so hat sie mit blosser Wohlklang nichts zu thun). The German spirit bears the same relation to music as to religion; it requires truth, not beautiful forms." Herr Wagner went on to indulge in a number of original paradoxes, and concluded by declaring that "dramatic music had suffered more than any other art by Italian influence, and that this same influence had produced the most serious errors in opera." "To impregnate the musical drama with German matter has been from the first my desire." He spoke in the simple, earnest manner of a man who was firmly convinced of the absolute truth of the observations he was making, and his startling assertions were, of course, received by his hearers with enthusiastic reverence. All Herr Wagner's ideas of music are, from the Wagner point of view, natural enough—he denies the power in which he himself is deficient. But it is not easy to put oneself into such a state of mind as shall enable one to receive with reverence the oracular utterance that "music has no need of beauty of form." Imagine a great sculptor telling his pupils that his art had nothing to do with "beauty of form;" and, what is far worse, imagine his putting his theory into practice! Between the courses, when no speech was being made, Herr Wagner chatted with his host. To me he said that he had reason to believe his principles were finding vastly increased favour in England, and that he was glad of this, not from any feeling of personal vanity, but because he hoped it was a tribute to the truth of the doctrines which he had always had at heart. His simple, earnest, unaffected, somewhat abrupt manner, confirmed the impression I had formed of him years ago. He has not at all the bearing of the humbug he is perpetually asserted to be; he rather gives one the impression of being a man of strong convictions—so headstrong and dogmatic, indeed, as to believe himself infallible, but, according to his lights, earnest and conscientious. It seems to be his steady, unshaken belief in himself and his doctrines that impels him to his frequent flagrant sins against good taste and good manners. Of this peculiarity the morning following the supper afforded a singular instance.

On that morning the musicians gave him a musical welcome. So great was the desire to be present, that the large handsome hall of the Singakademie was crammed to excess, and the majority of the men present appeared in full evening dress at midday in honour of the occasion. When Herr Wagner entered the room, his wife—a daughter of Liszt, as you may remember—on his arm, he was received with a flourish of trumpets and shouts of applause. Frau Jachmann-Wagner, in full ball-room attire, then mounted the platform, spoke an address from the facile pen of Herr Dohm, edit<sup>r</sup> of *Kladderadatsch* and presented the composer with a laurel wreath and a kiss. Frau Jachmann-Wagner, now an actress, is better known in England under her operative name, Johanna Wagner, and is a niece of the prophet of the future. The last words of the address—

Er sei von uns begrüßt mit allem Schönen—  
Gegrüßt mit seines eignen Sanges Tönen

—conveyed to my irreverent ears the idea of an utter *non sequitur*. But they served to introduce the *Faust* overture and the march from *Tannhäuser*. The overture is unhappily familiar to me, and I take it to be about the ugliest composition ever yet committed to paper. It was played with much more care than such hideousness deserved, and gratified the composer so much that he mounted the platform, thanked the executants, and, by way of expressing his gratitude, asked them to repeat the overture—*this time under his direction*. In other words, in a concert given in his honour, the composer actually encored his own composition! I do not suppose that Herr Wagner intended any direct insult to the former conductor, to the executants, or to the audience. I believe that he was tempted to this flagrant act of bad taste by his perfectly unaffected but overweening self-confidence. The good-humoured audience seemed to consider the proceeding natural enough, and listened with redoubled eagerness to a polyphonus picture of "chaos come again."

On Friday Herr Wagner conducted at a concert given for the benefit of the sufferers by the war in the splendid Operahouse. With the exception of Beethoven's C minor symphony, all else was Wagner pure and undefiled. To say nothing of extracts from *Lohengrin*, there was a whole scene—the final one—from *Die Walküre*, given in a fragmentary form, despite Herr Wagner's expressed denunciations of this mutilation of dramatic works, and a "Kaisermarsch," written in celebration of the German Empire. In this march, "Eine feste Berg ist unser Gott," is worked against another subject, after the fashion adopted by Meyerbeer in *Les Huguenots*, and voices are brought in at the end to intone a commonplace triumphal hymn. But the subject itself is unvoiced, and the screaming of the sopranos up to B flat destroys the dignity which should be possessed by anything aspiring to be a national hymn. The march was given twice; but, although it has some effective passages, it does not improve on acquaintance. The Emperor was present all the evening, his erect figure being the centre of interest in whichever box he appeared. Bouquets and wreaths were showered on Herr Wagner in such profusion that his conductor's platform looked like a garden; and it was characteristic of the man that he kicked the flowers away because they cramped his movements.

Is Herr Wagner really liked in Berlin? There is certainly an enthusiastic party in his favour, and I can well imagine that his best work—*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*—splendidly as it has been done here—especially by Herr Betz, whose Hans Sachs is one of the most finished dramatic portraits I have ever seen—has conciliated many by his clever story, its true German sentiment, dramatic reality, and occasional gleams of melody. But there is also a strong party who abhor the name of Wagner. Why, then, has he come? It is whispered that the post of Generalmusikdirector, dormant since the death of Meyerbeer—the place once filled by Mendelssohn—is to be offered to Richard Wagner!

#### W A I F S.

Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist, is in Jerusalem, making studies for his great picture.

We hear that Signor Tito Mattei, late of the Italian Opera Buffa, is about to marry Mdlle. Colombo, also late of the Italian Opera Buffa.

At the recent Festival of the English Freemasons, held at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, Brother Ganz was the "grand organist," and Brother James Coward directed the choir.

An American paper has the following:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves is said to be the greatest vocal artist living. His horror of a sea voyage prevents his acceptance of the most liberal offers to travel in America."

Signor Agnesi, of Her Majesty's Opera, whose admirable singing in *Linda di Chamouni*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Les Huguenots* we have noticed, received his musical education at the Conservatoire, Brussels, under Monsieur Duprez and Monsieur Lemmens, and obtained the first prize in his class for singing and organ playing.

W. W. Story, the American artist, is so much dissatisfied with the changes in Rome, that he threatens to take up his abode elsewhere. He thinks the Eternal City must lose the flavour of the mouldy past, which clung to it while it remained an ecclesiastical centre.

Now that *Punch* has lent its valuable aid to the St. Paul's Completion Fund, there is some hope that one of our City millionaires will come forward to emulate the example of Sir A. Guinness and Mr. Roe, of Dublin. *Punch* not unnaturally draws a comparison between the noble munificence of the Irish citizens and the niggardliness of their London brethren, and in some pungent lines gives a hard blow to the merchant princes of the metropolis, which is none the less effective because it is so richly deserved.—*Choir*.

On dit, says *Watson's Art Journal*, that we are soon to have an undoubted Raphael in this country. This picture is owned by Mr. Morris Moore, one of the most accomplished art critics in Europe, who proposes visiting this country, and bringing the Raphael with him. The subject of the picture is *Apollo and Marsyas*. We all in London remember this same picture and the controversy it excited many years ago.

Mdlle. Corani, who sang at the Tonic Sol-fa Concert lately given at the Crystal Palace, is spoken of in *The Drawing-room Gazette* in the following flattering terms:—

"Mdlle. Corani selected the great air from Costa's *Eli*, 'I will extol thee, O Lord,' and the air from *Ernani*, which won an enthusiastic recall. We had never heard Mdlle. Corani in the Transept, where so many fine voices are almost inaudible, but the first bars of the opening recitative, delivered with calm breath, convinced us that hers is one of the very few voices that can fill with telling effect, and without effort, this vast area. In fact, the oftener we hear this lady, the more we feel she is destined to take a Clara Novello's place; her voice has the same clear brightness and insinuating richness of tone."

The *New York Clipper* informs us that Mr. William A. Moore died on April 20th, of dropsy. He was born in Bath, England, in May, 1825, and made his debut in this country at the Astor Place Operahouse as one of the singing witches in *Macbeth*, in 1849. He subsequently was engaged by Niblo as prompter, and afterwards as stage-manager at Niblo's Garden. At one time he was the travelling business agent of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and when Mr. Williams purchased the Broadway Theatre, Mr. Moore was duly installed as the manager.—James Timoney, the property man connected with Wallack's Theatre, died on April 23rd, in the 48th year of his age. He had been connected with Wallack's Theatre for many years.—Daniel Symonds, actor and business manager, died at the residence of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in Hoboken, N.J., April 22nd, aged 45 years. He was born in England, and first visited this country some twenty-five years ago.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—On Saturday evening a "Grand Instrumental Concert" was given in the Royal Albert Hall by the Band of the Royal Belgian Guides—the first to come to England of the several foreign military bands which have accepted the invitation of Her Majesty's Commissioners to perform during the International Exhibition. The Guides' band consists of over fifty musicians. In Brussels it acts as the special Court and Royal Chapel Orchestra. An audience of upwards of 2,500 persons attended the concert. The programme consisted of six pieces, of which the overture to *Der Freischütz*, "Thèmes Variés" by M. Bender, the bandmaster, and a brilliantly-performed selection from Gounod's *Faust*, formed the gems. The solos in the "Thèmes Variés" were remarkably good, and the audience demanded an encore of those for the saxophone and piccolo. The Guides gave a second evening concert on the 16th inst.

PESTH.—Herr Betz, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, will shortly commence a series of performances, during which he will appear as Hans Sachs in Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*; Nelusko in *L'Africaine*; Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*; and Don Juan in the opera of the same name.

Bonn.—As already announced, the grand Beethoven Festival, so unexpectedly adjourned last year, will take place on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of next August. The programme has not been changed. It is as follows: On the 20th August, *Missa solennis*; Symphony, No. 5, C minor. On the 21st August, Overture to *Leonore*, No. 3; Air: "Abscheulicher," from *Fidelio*; *Sinfonia eroica*; March and Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*; Concerto for the Violin; Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus, and Orchestra. On the 22nd August, Overture to *Coriolan*; "Elegischer Gesang für 4 Solostimmen;" Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major; Air: "Ah, Perfido;" Overture to *Egmont*; and Ninth Symphony, with final chorus.

BATHEUTH.—Herr R. Wagner and wife stopped some days here, at the Golden Sun, on their way to Berlin. Herr Wagner inspected the Theatre, which is one of the largest and best arranged in Europe; the new palace, which is in a tolerably forward state; and several private houses. A thousand different rumours were immediately bruited about the town as to what such mysterious conduct on the part of Herr R. W. could mean, and these rumours were multiplied almost indefinitely when it was known that he would shortly return. "What could it mean?" "Was he going to purchase the Theatre?" "Did he intend negotiating with its Royal Master for possession of the Palace?" etc., etc. We believe the simple truth is this: the Theatre, which dates from the time of the Margraves, is to be finished at the King's expense. A company selected from all the theatres in Germany will then give in it a "model" performance of the trilogy, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, which is now completed. By the way, the necessary preparations for this "model" performance will not be all made till far into the year 1872.

## REVIEWS.

*Boosey's Royal Edition of Operas.* Edited by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN and J. PITTMAN. Verdi's *Rigoletto*. [London: Boosey & Co.]

Those who know the amount of energy and business talent required for the bringing out an opera every fortnight, know, also, that it is impossible to praise too highly the manner in which Messrs. Boosey and Co. are keeping strict faith with their patrons and fulfilling the announcements of their prospectus. It is not less deserving of observation that, if anything, greater care is shown and greater completeness attained as the series progresses. At all events, the present edition of *Rigoletto* may challenge comparison with any other, no matter where or by whom produced. Musically speaking, it is perfect, while it has the further advantage of an English version of the text, prepared by the skilful hand of Mr. John Oxenford. We entertain no doubt that the publishers will reap the reward of their enterprise in this instance, seeing that Verdi's best opera has innumerable admirers.

*Songs and Etchings.* Seven Poems by BEN JONSON, T. HOOD, SHELLEY, KINGSLEY, EVANS, and LONGFELLOW. Set to music by THOMAS ANDERTON, and illustrated with nine etchings by R. S. CHATTOCK. [London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.]

IN this volume an effort is made to combine the arts of the poet, musician, and limner, so as to form one perfect and attractive whole, after the manner of Messrs. Tennyson, Sullivan, and Millais's *Window*. The selected poems, save one, are well known, and comprise Hood's "I remember, I remember," Ben Jonson's "To Cynthia," Shelley's "Skylark," Longfellow's "The day is done," Kingsley's "Sands of Dee" and "Song of the River." Dr. Sebastian Evans has contributed the novelty, which we may assume was never intended for music; otherwise he would have given them a more lyric form and more harmonious flow. It must, also, be inferred that Mr. Anderton chose them more as a personal compliment than on account of either their merit or fitness. The music, without presenting very original features in style or treatment, is elegant and pleasing, while often expressive of much poetic sentiment. That to "Cynthia" displays these qualities in a marked degree; and is a very charming example of how to marry verses to appropriate music. There is much to admire also in the "Skylark," the effort apparently made to get away from a mere conventional treatment of the theme being not its least recommendation. Mr. Anderton's music to "The Day is Done" is less noticeable, though it well suits to the words; but that illustrating the "Sands of Dee" may claim first honours on account of apt expression, deep sentiment, and well-directed skill. Kingsley's poem has often been set to music, but never, so far as we know, with greater success than in the present instance. The composer is hardly less happy in "The Song of the River," which afforded him good opportunities for using the descriptive power he evidently possesses. To sum up, the music of this volume is most creditable to the composer, and not unworthy of alliance with the verses upon which his choice has fallen. Mr. Chattock's etchings evince power in design, if not an equality of merit in execution. Hood's "Fir Trees" are admirable, and the "Skylark," merely a strip of moorland, with a few scattered sheep, and a vast expanse of sky through which the beams of the setting sun dart upward to where the feathered "sprite" pants forth "a flood of rapture so divine"—is poetry itself. Mr. Chattock's illustration of "The Day is Done" does not want for impressiveness; nor in the three etchings which accompany "The Song of the River" is there any lack of true artistic feeling. We may dismiss the book with an acknowledgment of its general value as a thing admirably wrought out in each of the arts it has laid under contribution.

*King René's Daughter.* A Cantata for Female Voices, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. The Verse by FREDERIC ENOCH; the music by HENRY SMART. [Lamborn Cock & Co.]

THE argument of this Cantata has been authoritatively set forth thus:—"Iolanthe—daughter of King René, Count of Provence—has been betrothed in infancy to the son of the Count of Vaudemont. Stricken with blindness when but a year old, she has been reared with all knowledge of the faculty of sight withheld from her. A leech or magician has promised to restore her sight by means of an amulet he has given her, on condition that she is first informed of the missing sense; but the King has refused permission. Iolanthe's betrothed, wandering as a troubadour, lights upon her abode in a valley of the Vaucluse. Without knowing her—for a territorial feud has kept their lives apart—the troubadour knight is enthralled by her beauty. He does not know that she is blind, and his words reveal to her the faculty of which she has been kept in ignorance; he thus unwittingly aids the magician's art, and Iolanthe is restored to sight. The story, it should be added, is a free adaptation of Hertz's drama; but the freedom of the adapter has produced a compact dramatic and interesting narrative. Mr. Enoch's verses are well suited to music by reason of their rhythmical flow and variety of metre. In short, Mr. Henry Smart enjoyed special advantages when addressing himself to the task he has so well achieved. The over-

ture is, perhaps, out of proportion to the Cantata, by reason of its length and elaboration. Those, however, who hear it as arranged for four hands will not be severe upon the composer for having given free play to ideas always graceful, and to a power of treatment always that of an accomplished musician. Upon the Cantata proper we can only make general observations, the first of which should be an acknowledgment of the difficulty Mr. Smart encountered in writing for female voices alone, especially with only a pianoforte accompaniment. Looking at that difficulty, he deserves much praise for the varied effects secured, and for the power of sustaining interest shown more and more as the Cantata goes on. The characteristics of Mr. Smart's music are so well known and so widely esteemed that we need not discuss them as exhibited in the work before us. Enough that, whether in solo or concerted pieces, the themes are always tuneful, the treatment always suggestive, and the impression made such as can only come from the work of a man of more than average ability. *King René's Daughter* is, no doubt, purposely adapted for use in schools and classes where ladies alone are taught. It has thus a distinct mission, which it is perfectly able to fulfil; but, at the same time, there is no reason why the work should not be publicly performed. As a capital example of a capital English composer, the reasons are, in point of fact, all the other way.

*My Dove with Sweet Blue Eyes.* Song. Words by ROBERT REECH. Composed expressly for Miss Edith Wynne by J. L. MOLLOY. [London: Boosey & Co.]

IN this song Mr. Molloy has written a melody charming in its simplicity and expression. We can unreservedly commend it to all who desire an easy piece adapted for use in any drawing-room, and, if sung with a true appreciation of its sentiment, sure to make an effect. The highest note is G major.

*Ever the Same.* Written by ALFRED B. EMANUEL. Composed by G. RICHARDSON. [London: J. Shepherd.]

MR. RICHARDSON should cultivate his fancy and increase his knowledge of musical effect before again challenging public criticism. His cut-and-dried phrases, all formed on the same model, are wearisome, and there is nothing to qualify the impression they make.

*Capriccio for the Pianoforte.* By WESTLEY RICHARDS. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

NOR long ago we had occasion to praise Mr. Richards's variations upon "Drink to me only," and now he comes with claims to favourable consideration almost as strong. His *Capriccio* is formed upon a true classical model; it is pleasing, elegant, and well wrought from beginning to end. The attention should be directed to it of all amateur pianists who are above the low level of ordinary *moreaux de salon*, or who wish to encourage genuine efficiency in a legitimate department of music.

*A Serenade.* Composed by THEODORA. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A VERY flowing and agreeable melody is here set to pretty words, and accompanied in a fashion which calls for but little revision. We must congratulate Theodora on her success, and assure her that she has no need to hide her name. There are many song composers, with well-flaunted patronymics, who could not write this *Serenade* if they tried.

*Prelude and Gavotte for the Pianoforte.* Composed by CHARLES SALAMAN. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

MR. SALAMAN has long given his attention to works of the school here illustrated, and anything of the kind coming from him deserves notice. The movements before us show with what success he has studied the compositions of the older masters, and how well he can reproduce their spirit, without copying their matter.

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